

# LIPPINCOTT'S

## MONTHLY MAGAZINE

### JUNE 1908

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# A Chat with the Editor

## Our Midsummer Number

Mrs. John Van Vorst writes as delightfully about the so-called idle rich as she has written powerfully and convincingly about "The Woman Who Toils." Her new novel, "Second Quality," is to appear in the July LIPPINCOTT'S. It is a striking instance of her versatility. The story presents an American man, rich with millions, in excellent health, free, and possessed by an impelling ambition. His heart is the purest gold of all that metal which makes him desirable; yet, owing to certain domestic circumstances, when the story opens he is, practically, without friends in spite of his prepossessing attributes. When he is in Paris he sees registered at Monte Carlo the name of a woman who has followed the sequence of governess, companion, and Baroness. He determines to cultivate an acquaintance which was begun in the earliest of her gradations. Acting upon this intent, he chums with the nobility, and in one day seems to have penetrated the brilliant world he coveted. Then things happen in quick succession,—intrigue, interesting situations, clever dialogue, all contribute to make a thoroughly first-rate modern novel that impresses the reader with the fact that the really "second quality" characters are—not Americans. Mrs. Van Vorst lives much of the time abroad and has her *mise en scène* well in hand.

### TAKE IT WITH YOU

If you are going on a journey by boat or train or want entertainment for a day off anywhere, take a copy of the July LIPPINCOTT'S. You won't find in it tiresome discussions of abstruse subjects to weary your jaded brain; but there will be information on live topics of the hour, a particularly notable article on "Our Inland Empire," by Day Allen Willey; diverting short-stories; and the usual sixteen

pages of humorous matter will, of course, be there to make you laugh.

### OIDA ON WOMEN

It seems like bringing Ouida back from the dead to publish two remarkable manuscripts from her hand, yet that is what we shall do next autumn. It came about in this wise: Twenty-five years ago Ouida sold to LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE two intensely interesting manuscripts setting forth her original and startling views on two of the gravest problems of woman-kind. The Publishers' explicit agreement with Ouida was that these papers must not be published until after her death. For more than a quarter of a century the manuscripts, in the author's strongly individual chirography, have lain in the Magazine safe, passing unharmed through the great fire of 1899; but now that this brilliant and singularly original writer has passed away, we are at liberty to produce these unique articles. They will appear in successive numbers of LIPPINCOTT'S next autumn. Fuller announcement will be made later.

### STORY-WRITERS FOR LIPPINCOTT'S

Within the next few months we expect to present the following popular authors in their best and most characteristic work: Carolyn Wells, General Charles King, John Kendrick Bangs, Kate Jordan, Dorothea Deakin, Elbert Hubbard, George L. Knapp, E. Ayrton-Zangwill, Joseph A. Altsheler, Grace MacGowan Cooke, Marie Van Vorst, Herbert Dunlap, Adèle Marie Shaw, William Trowbridge Larned, Seumas McManus, Nevil Monroe Hopkins, Owen Oliver, Mabel Nelson Thurston, Will Levington Comfort—with many others whose work will surely rank them high.

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By MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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In THE BOHEMIAN MAGAZINE for June will also be found the details of a \$500.00 offer for short stories for THE GRAY GOOSE magazine. If any further information is desired by those who wish to enter this competition, it will be furnished upon application to

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# THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Summary of Contents for June, 1908.

## The Wonderful New Color Photography

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### Summer Fiction Number

Being the first of our Summer Numbers the June Strand will be exceptionally strong in Fiction. There is a good instalment of

#### "Salthaven," by W. W. Jacobs

Mr. E. P. BELL, a new author, is introduced who at once takes front rank as a short story writer. His story is called "Zory's Race." W. HAMILTON OSBORN is splendid in "Inside Information," a story having stock market affiliations. "The Chop House," by DOROTHY DEAKIN, and the "Last Hope," by JOSEPH KEATING, will be enjoyed by the reader. There is also a very entertaining bunch of Dog stories.

The Articles include a second instalment of

### Reminiscences and Reflections of Sir John Hare

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#### My African Journey. III.—The Highlands of East Africa.

#### By the Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M. P.

We have also some talk of the champions who compete at the forthcoming Olympic games. Also an article telling how artists "compose" their pictures. And an item for nature lovers that deals with "Catkins."

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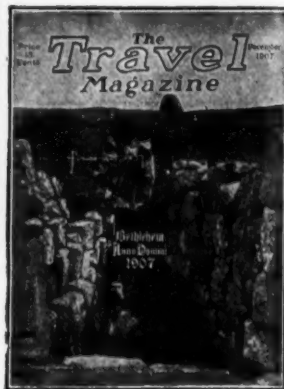
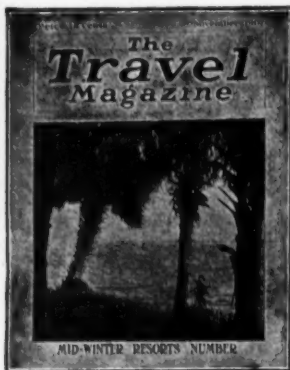
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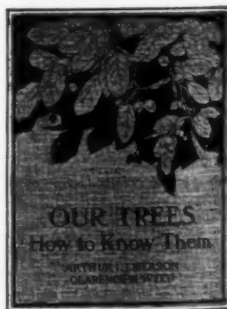
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## Morley Roberts

The J. B. Lippincott Company published during May a new volume by Morley Roberts, the prominent novelist and story-writer. It is a collection of sea tales entitled "*Capt. Spink and Other Sea Comedies*," and has as its chief character Capt. Harry Sharpness Spink, of Gloucester, skipper of the tramp steamer, "*Swan of Avon*." Capt. Spink's adventures, as well as those of Mr. Roberts' other seamen, should furnish much amusement for those who care for tales of the sea. Mr. Roberts himself is something of a character.

Born in England, he has travelled all over the world, and engaged in many lines of work. He has been a railroadman and cattleman in Australia, the Western United States, and British Columbia; a sailor before the mast on nearly every travelled sea; a clerk; and a sawmill employee. He has found time to write about forty different books beside.

## An Engagement of Interest

J. B. Lippincott Company has been informed of the engagement of H. Hesketh Prichard, the young author who captained the English team of cricketers that played in America last year, to Lady Elizabeth Grimston, daughter of Lord Verulam, and niece of the Duchess of Montrose. Two of Mr. Prichard's books,

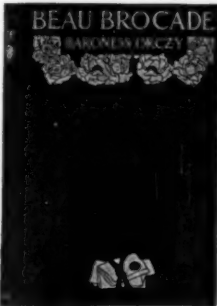
"*The Chronicles of Don Q*" and "*Don Q in the Sierra*," have been published in America by the Lippincotts, and both have been well received. Mr. Prichard has for several years written in collaboration with his mother, and one wonders whether his marriage will terminate this arrangement.

## Marcia Wins

"*Marcia Schuyler*," the novel by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz lately published by the Lippincotts, bids fair to become one of the biggest sellers of the spring season. While Mrs. Lutz is a writer of some prominence in other fields of literature, this is her first story appealing to the general novel-reading public.

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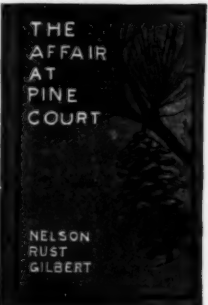
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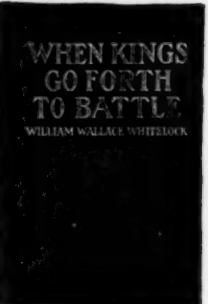
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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1908



## THE PLAGUE OF A HEART

BY HELEN MILECETE

*Author of "The Fascinating of Mr. Savage," etc.*

### I.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT woke from her afternoon nap, got up, and looked in the glass. No one, not even her most jealous enemy, could have accused her of looking her best. So, never willing to be caught looking her worst, she went into the hall of her little two-roomed apartment and moved the indicator to tell the elevator man that Number 52 was out. Then she sat in a comfortable chair and gazed around her.

She was saying good-by to her home. She had enough money to pay the customary six months' rent for her abode; then there would be a small sum left to buy—well, to buy hair-pins. She laughed as she meditated.

A week ago an appalling calamity—the loss of all her money—had found her totally unprepared for such a visitation. The trustee chosen for her by her dying husband had bolted to the Argentine Republic, leaving Mollie Arbuthnot staggered by the magnitude of the disaster. She had never been rich, as New York counts riches, but she had had enough to live on—enough for all her necessities and not a few of what the world calls luxuries. Her little flat was not an expensive

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one, and her acquaintances were kind. Invitations were showered upon her, which may have been because she was born a Van Alstyne. But she was rather a particular young woman about the places she frequented. For a woman as poor as she, her enemies said, she had a vast amount of pride.

Sheer weariness of both body and mind had sent her to sleep on this particular afternoon, after a frugal lunch consisting of a roll, a banana, and some milk. She did n't dare waste her small stock of money on mere food. But she was healthy and hungry—and what about dinner?

By an effort of will she dismissed the thought of hunger, and went into her bedroom. Opening a drawer, she took out of it a blue dress, made of muslin and trimmed with frills. It was old-fashioned and crumpled, and the skirt was quite short (Mollie had pretty feet). Then she drew forth a hat—such a ridiculous hat! It was trimmed with blue muslin, with blue muslin strings, and was made of dark yellowy-brown straw. She had paid a matter of seventy-five cents for it when it was new; now it was n't worth five. These treasures she wrapped up in a bundle, then shook them out again, and put her head down on the frills. Her eyes were wet. This gown and this hat stood for happiness to her—the only real happiness she had ever known. They meant disillusion, too. She had handed over her heart, and in return had been offered money, not love. Billie Keane had offered her a settlement instead of a heart. Chiding herself for being so weak-minded as to remember, she refolded the garments and put them away.

She reviewed her present situation in all its bald hideousness. She was not *poor*—oh, no! By comparison, “poor” seemed quite a pretty term. She had no near relatives in all the world, but second cousins and people who were glad to remember the Van Alstyne connection were very civil to her, though it was impossible to claim anything from them. Besides, she did n't want help; she wanted work.

There was nothing to rescue from the wreck of her fortune. A few raving gentlemen—clerks to the bolted trustee—constituted the only assets of the absconder. She had talked with them when she went to inquire the extent of the tragedy, and had been calmer than they.

Reflection made the future appear only the more dreary. “Adventurers are always gay,” said Mollie to herself. “It is a part of their stock in trade. I'll cultivate gayety.” But it was hard to be gay, alone.

Some letters were brought up to her—invitations to dinner, for the most part. But as these meant a carriage, they were of course refused.

“I'll go to the Harriotts,” said Mollie, as she ungratefully put

down her correspondence. The Harriotts had invited her to spend three months with them, and she had not meant to do it, but there was no choice now. They owned, and lived on, an island down in Maine, which they called "Pride's Crossing." Mollie knew that Leta Harriott would not mind when she came, so long as she did come; so she now wrote a little note saying she would start in two days.

There was a certain amount of packing to be done, of course. But, alas, she had no money to purchase the odds and ends which every woman needs when starting for even a short visit. How glad she was that she paid ready money for all her clothes! She had plenty of good muslin frocks and warm tailor-mades—in Maine it is cold in May—and though her hats were few,—only three of them were worth taking to Pride's Crossing,—they were all becoming to her. She put the ridiculous headgear and the faded blue muslin into the tray of her trunk. Why? Well, because she had a notion they would feel lonely if left at home. A few letters, in a man's handwriting, filled the crown of the hat. She had met the man two years before in a little village in New Brunswick. He was fishing, she was camping out with friends, and he had accepted their invitation to join the party. His behavior afterward had made him something of an enigma to Mollie; but she kept the blue dress.

It was five years since her husband had died—died after marrying her on his deathbed, because he loved her, and because he knew that her father's affairs were in an inextricable tangle, and that Mollie would feel the awful terror of the Gray Wolf snuffing at her door. No one—certainly not Mollie—had ever guessed that Philip Arbuthnot loved her. When he sent for her father—his old friend—and told him that he was dying and must marry Mollie, Mr. Van Alstyne treated the announcement as the raving of a delirious man. But when the doctors assured him it was not, that Philip Arbuthnot was as sensible as any of them, and that the fulfilment of this strange desire would bring the sufferer peace, Mollie's father consented to the marriage.

Arbuthnot's wife saw him but once during the two days he lived after their marriage. As his wife, she inherited all he had, and after her father's death, and the consequent disclosure of the lamentable state of his financial affairs, Mollie realized why Philip Arbuthnot had married her. She thought of him but seldom, but when she did it was with kindness and regret.

So now Mollie dismissed all worries and went down to French Village—the station nearest Pride's Crossing—with the gayety of youth. This was her first experience of travelling in an ordinary day coach, and she found it tiring. There was not much rest at night sitting on those hard, dull red seats.

When the train stopped she jumped out with alacrity. The somnolence of the country station was disturbed by the tuff-tuff of a huge red motor-car. A girl arrayed in scarlet and white rushed up the platform and threw her arms around her guest.

"Mollie, you're a duck! I nearly yelled with joy when I got your letter. You see, I'm in awful trouble. It's perfectly dreadful here. There's a horrid woman staying with us, and she twists Daddy round her finger. Mrs. Haselton—you know her?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she continued: "Where are your checks? John will bring your trunks. Only two? Why, you're not going to leave us so soon, are you?"—sudden terror was apparent in her tone. "I want you for three months at least."

Mollie made no effort to stop this flow of talk. She straightened her hat, which the violence of her friend's embrace had knocked over one ear, handed her dressing-case to the chauffeur and her checks to a grinning person who waited with a huge carry-all for baggage, then followed Leta to the waiting scarlet car.

"I thought you were in mourning," Mollie said, as they wrapped themselves up in cloaks and veils to keep off the dust.

"So I am, but black looks so ugly in the country," answered Miss Harriott. "You don't think it altogether heartless of me to wear red, do you?" As usual, she did n't wait for an answer, but rattled on: "Oh, you dear Mollie, why are you so pale? Did n't you sleep well last night?"

"No," said Mollie. "I did n't come in the sleeper, you see. I had no money."

"No money! Why, have you been speculating?"

"That's about it," said Mrs. Arbuthnot dryly.

"But it will right itself in time," said Leta, with the comfortable philosophy of the woman who knows nothing about such things. "Speculations always do."

"Of course," assented Mollie. It was no part of her desire to be pitied by Miss Harriott, or by any one else. Mrs. Arbuthnot had exactly one hundred dollars in the world, and after this visit—well, she was young and strong, and she intended to be a housemaid, or to go on the stage, or to do some one of those indefinite, supposedly easy things that pretty women always contemplate as a method of earning one's livelihood.

"Why did you ask Mrs. Haselton here, if you don't like her?" demanded Mollie, as they sped along.

"I did n't," wailed Leta. "It was papa. You know how careful I've been of him since poor mamma died. Well, he escaped me somehow—it must have been while I was south for a few weeks. I never thought she would take him up. She hates me."

"I'm afraid your father is subject to attacks of this sort," laughed Mollie. She could n't feel gloomy; even the thought of an insignificant bank account was not sufficiently depressing to cloud her eyes this glorious spring day. The trees were coming into leaf. The air was sweet with new bay leaves and sweet fern. The scents brought a memory to Mollie that was both painful and intoxicatingly joyful.

The Harriotts belonged to what Mollie's great-aunt, Miss Van Alstyne, called the "just set bread brand." They were rising. They had tried unsuccessfully to force the portals leading into the inner circles of New York society, and had laid plans for continuing their campaign at Newport, but they perforce had to retire from the fray to their Maine cottage (it was more like a modern hotel), owing to Mrs. Harriott's death. Her loss had occasioned neither great shock nor great sorrow, for she had been an invalid for years, rarely seen by her daughter, visited perfunctorily once a day by her husband. She had suffered from a combination of imaginary ailments and too much luxury, and died of measles and complications, to the great surprise of her physician.

Miss Van Alstyne had consistently refused to know Miss Harriott. The old lady lived in rather poverty-stricken grandeur in a large house in New York, where she dictated her relatives' conduct from an arm-chair. Mollie was the only one who rebelled frequently against the edicts issued by this social autocrat. One of these edicts was: "Mollie, avoid those Harriotts." Mollie, however, was very fond of Leta.

## II.

AFTER a long ride in the automobile, and a short one across the lake in an electric launch, they reached the island where Mr. Harriott had built his house.

That gentleman rushed down to the landing to meet them, reminding Mollie, as he did so, of his own motor-car. He puffed along the path, turned, with a certain amount of caution, and escorted her to the veranda, where she sat down and gazed with breathless rapture at the scene spread before her. The lake, a rippling piece of blue water, was dotted with islands, of which Pride's Crossing was the largest. The house was only a few yards from the water's edge. To the south—the island was long rather than wide—stretched a good four miles of swamp and hilly blueberry barrens; to the northward sparkled the lake.

"It's good," said Mollie; and her host puffed his gratification and approval.

Mr. Harriott was a very harmless person of perhaps forty-five. His little mannerisms were inoffensive, his self-importance amusing, and he was thoroughly kind-hearted. He had a different hobby every

year, and conducted each with the utmost enthusiasm and with the seriousness of a prime minister immersed in grave business of state.

"How did the auto go?" he asked. "Did you like it, Mrs. Arbuthnot?"

"Immensely," she answered.

"And the electric launch? I think it is a great improvement over our old ferry. Do you remember the last time you came? We could n't get across in that old tub, owing to the gale. This boat"—with some pride—"will stand the biggest sea this old lake can whack up."

"Mollie told me she liked the old ferry best," said Leta gayly.

"You don't!"—his tone was full of disappointment and disbelief. "That old scow? You can't mean it."

"But I do"—she laughed at his dismay. "That old scow, as you call it, suited the lake much better than your launch."

Mr. Harriott was plainly offended. He asked perfunctorily if she were tired, and then added that he wanted her opinion on some mural decorations.

"I find art very fascinating," said he solemnly. "I've built a studio since you were here."

"Do you paint?" asked Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"No, I collect"—with an air of great enthusiasm.

"Mollie's too tired to look at your studio now, Daddy," said Miss Harriott, who wanted to get her friend to herself; and the two girls left him alone.

"We won't go out till dinner-time," said Leta, when Mollie had drunk some chocolate and taken a bath. "The Vanderveers are here. They come just to make use of Daddy; but they're harmless, and Mrs. Haselton is not. *She* has come to marry him. And Lord Taymouth has come to marry me."

"Has he said so?" asked Mollie languidly, from the sofa where she was resting, supported by innumerable pillows.

"No"—scornfully; "but one knows things before a man says them."

"Are you sure you love him, Leta?" demanded Mollie, with some curiosity. "Don't marry him if you don't."

"I *like* him. He's very decent—as he would say," she laughed. "He's not very intellectual, but he is so clean."

"Nice people are."

"Yes, but they don't always show it. He does. You'll see what I mean when you meet him. But I want you to keep papa out of that woman's way. Let her flirt with Mr. Keane, if she wants to."

"Mr. Keane, did you say? Billie Keane?" Mollie hoped her voice sounded cool and ordinary.



"Yes, of course. You've met him. By the way, papa's heard about those unfortunate speculations of yours. He thinks you ought to marry, so as to be settled and happy."

"But what if I prefer to be unsettled and happy?" replied Mollie. Though her lips were steady, her eyes were not. She would have much preferred not to be obliged to meet Mr. Keane.

"But you don't, do you?" asked Leta indifferently. "I can't spare you just now, any way. Papa is getting fatter—did you notice it?—so he gets up early and hangs works of art in his studio, as a means of reducing flesh. Mrs. Haselton gets up, too."

"Well, I won't"—Mollie spoke with decision. "I refuse to leave my bed at seven o'clock to preside over the flirtations of Mrs. Haselton."

"I don't want you to. I only want you to be nice to papa. You can amuse him, and all that"—with airiness. Leta herself would n't and did n't try to amuse her father.

The whole party—rather an incongruous one—assembled in the hall before dinner. Mrs. Arbuthnot knew none of the guests except Mr. Keane, to whom she vouchsafed a rather cool greeting. Mr. Harriott took Mollie in to dinner, and was evidently pleased with her. She was pleasant to him, and did not ridicule his artistic aspirations.

In Mollie's eyes, Mrs. Haselton had been badly put together. She was handsome, in a florid way, but it was a pity that the same artist had not provided the color for her hair, eyelashes, and eyebrows; they might have toned better. She flattered Mr. Harriott boldly, openly, and he was plainly delighted with her. From what Mollie had heard of the woman's reputation, this slavery on his part portended nothing good.

Lord Taymouth was a handsome young giant, and his manners were excellent. As Leta had said, he was very clean. He made no pretense of hiding how completely he was fascinated by his hostess.

Mollie did not so much as glance in Mr. Keane's direction. She told herself that she was done with him. He was the last man in the world she wanted to see. Once he had been the only man, but those days were over. She had conducted the funeral herself, and shovelled the earth on the grave of a girl's heart. She unconsciously shuddered as she thought of that summer in the woods, and the heartache it had left.

In spite of the undoubted excellence of the dinner, the party did not seem cheerful. A vague dread of something unpleasant impending overshadowed Mrs. Arbuthnot, which common sense made her put down to the awkwardness of being obliged once more to break bread with Billie Keane. Whatever she was, she would not be awkward, and she was turning to Mr. Harriott with determined gayety when Mrs. Haselton's voice stopped the words on her lips.

"Mr. Mitchell is over at MacDonald's."

Mr. Mitchell! Why did Mrs. Haselton talk of him? He was an utter outsider; no one even referred to his existence. But perhaps she meant some Mitchell of whom Mollie had never heard.

"You don't mean Charley Mitchell, who married Miss Appleton?" queried Mrs. Arbuthnot. In New York she would n't have mentioned his name.

"Why, yes," responded Mrs. Haselton calmly; "I do."

Mollie shrugged her shoulders. This woman was unspeakable. Surely the absence or presence of a person of the character of Mr. Mitchell could not concern any of the party, unless it were Mrs. Haselton herself.

Leta tried to engage Lord Taymouth in loud argument, but was too late. Mr. Harriott had heard Mrs. Haselton's words, and, whether they had been intended as a sort of verbal bomb-shell or not, they proved one.

"Not that cad Mitchell?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Haselton. Her face flushed, and she knocked over the salt and then stooped to hide the red. "He's really not so very bad, though."

"He's an out and out blackguard," stormed Mr. Harriott. "He's married, yet he's forever carrying on with other women. I'll not have that man around the village. He might come here."

"There's no way for him to come," remarked Leta flippantly, "unless he swims."

"Well, he certainly can't come here," asserted Mr. Harriott.

"Probably he has n't the faintest desire to do so," said his daughter.

"He's a friend of yours, is n't he, Mrs. Arbuthnot?" and Mrs. Haselton leaned across the table to gaze at Mollie. "Your appearance and his—here—it seems as if you must know him."

Mollie could n't make the woman out at all. What was all the excitement about? Lord Taymouth looked annoyed, Billie Keane amused, Leta's flushed face told of anger, and Mr. Harriott glanced from one to the other with open wrath.

"I know his wife," said Mollie. "She's a distant connection of the Van Alstyne's."

"He says he knows you," persisted Mrs. Haselton.

"Possibly," returned Mollie, eating her ice-cream calmly. "Lots of people say they know me."

Mr. Keane laughed with quiet enjoyment. Mr. Harriott frowned. Mollie was as cool as her cream; her soft gray-blue eyes were unclouded, her dark hair waved in natural undulations round the thoroughbred little head. She saw that Mrs. Haselton regarded her with dislike, but she was no more agitated by what seemed to be almost an attack

from her than she would have been by rudeness from a ragamuffin in the slums of New York.

"It's hot," said the host. "Leta, let's go out."

Over the lake hung a crescent moon, and the woods lay almost silent. Every now and then the leaves moved in the gentle spring breeze. It rose and sank and sang. And far out, in the streak of moonshine, floated a solitary canoe.

When the party separated, Mollie found herself sitting in a big chair on the veranda, by Lord Taymouth.

"The shuffle after dinner was as unsuccessful as if we were looking for good cards at bridge, was n't it?" said he, with calm confidence in her understanding and penetration. "I meant to go out with Miss Leta, but it seems I've lost her."

"Don't say that," replied Mollie. "It sounds ominous."

A second canoe joined the first, and then they both vanished. Who was out? But it did n't interest Mrs. Arbuthnot, and she turned to her companion with a laugh.

"Do you know you were not at all complimentary just now?" she said. "You might have allowed me to cherish the illusion that you did n't find my society altogether objectionable."

"You're Leta's best friend," he said gravely. "What I meant was, I've lost her now. Mr. Harriott is saddled with the snake-charmer, and he's half afraid, half fascinated by her. He does n't quite know what to do."

Mollie shivered. "What's the matter with the party?" she demanded, trying to infuse some gaiety into her tone. "You're all so solemn, so uncomfortable."

"Oh, it'll get livelier by and by," he answered. "We'll play bridge."

"I won't. It would be sacrilege to leave this for bridge."

"There's nothing better to do," said Taymouth. "Did you notice another canoe out there? No one is supposed to have any canoes around here except ourselves. Who do you suppose is with Miss Leta?"

"I don't believe it's she out there," responded Mollie. "By the way, everybody seemed to be terribly wrought up at dinner about that man Mitchell. Of course he's horrible, beyond words; but I can't see why he's worthy of so much attention."

"Don't know anything about him," said Taymouth indifferently. Then he added: "Wish I knew who was in that other canoe. There was one on the water when we came from dinner."

"Probably some of the servants," answered Mollie.

Before he could speak, along strolled Mrs. Haselton, with her host. "He's not come here for nothing," she was saying. "Perhaps your new guest told him——" Then she saw Mollie, and stopped.

Mollie jumped up. "Were you talking about me?" she demanded, and her clear young voice carried far.

Before Mrs. Haselton could recover from her confusion, the Vandeveers joined the party. "What about bridge?" inquired Mr. Vandeveer, who was bored, and showed it. "Are n't we going to have any bridge?"

"Yes, bridge," said Leta, suddenly appearing from the hall. "I've been sleeping. Was n't it lazy of me! Now, we could forgive Mollie if she had slept—she's tired."

The host's cheerful "You'll play, Mrs. Arbuthnot?" met with a firm "No, thank you." More reasons than one prevented Mollie from playing bridge. She soon regretted her refusal, however, for Mr. Keane seated himself in Lord Taymouth's vacant chair.

"I want to know what you're going to do about that brute of a trustee of yours," said he.

"There is nothing to do"—her voice was weary. She began to wish she, too, were on the way to the Argentine Republic. Why could n't she find seclusion as well as the wicked trustee?

"Don't you think you sent me a very curt answer to that letter I wrote you two years ago?" Mr. Keane said.

Mrs. Arbuthnot started, and turned to look at him.

"No," she replied.

"You said what you meant, of course; but you might have garished it a little—might have put it more gently. It hurt—that letter of yours."

Mollie had nothing to say. How could he reproach her, when he—— She almost choked.

"You will be friends now, won't you? If I offended you, I'm sorry."

"If you offended me? You use queer words, Mr. Keane;" and she departed very abruptly, leaving him wondering why she behaved so oddly.

Mrs. Arbuthnot spent some moments in reflection before she went to bed. Leta had said she had been sleeping, but Mollie knew that she had not been in the house. She had seen her in her white gown flitting up through the bushes. Why had she lied? But Mrs. Arbuthnot was too tired to puzzle over what did not concern her.

### III.

"YOUR eyes are blue as the sky," said Mr. Keane.

"Because I always put a piece of blue ribbon inside the rim of my hats," said Mollie coldly. "The reflection makes them blue."

"Why do you think it necessary to administer such large doses of practicality to me? You prescribe disillusion as if you thought me

suffering from disordered passions," he protested, gazing intently at her clear cut face.

She blushed. "I wish you would n't glare at me that way. I can't fish when you do. I never could imagine you suffering from anything disordered."

They were fishing for perch by the run. It had taken more diplomacy than he had ever before expended to lure her out in the boat with him, and his success made him bold. "A cat may look at a queen," said he calmly.

"The queen can't scratch as well as a cat, but she can put up an umbrella;" and she promptly unfurled a large white one, lined with green cotton.

"Your line is fouled."

"I don't care," said she.

"I want to ask you a question," said the artful one.

"Ask, then."

"I can't unless you look at me"—his tone was cross.

"Is it about me?"—putting down the offending screen. "I never use anything for my eyelashes—I heard you announcing at breakfast that you believed all women decorated themselves that way."

"No, it is not," he returned in a tone of disgust. "It is a serious question. Why is Mrs. Haselton so down on Miss Harriott?"

"Ah, you've noticed it, too!"

"Yes." He veiled his triumph by letting his eyes fall. He always wanted to look at her, she was so pretty; but he did n't say so to her. "Some one ought to muzzle that woman. She's an adventuress."

"So am I," laughed his companion.

"There are different brands of adventuresses," he retorted. "But, seriously, she wants to marry Mr. Harriott. She'd make him miserable, and it would be terrible for his daughter. Something must be done."

"Who can do it? What can we do?"

That she should bracket him with herself in any arrangement filled him with rapture, though he did not say so.

"We must keep him from marrying Mrs. Haselton," he said. "She's a lady of too many parts. Don't let her influence Mr. Harriott against his daughter, if you can help it."

"I won't, if I can prevent it," she answered. "By the way, did n't all this hinting of Mrs. Haselton's about Mr. Mitchell seem odd to you?"

"Very odd," said he dryly. "There's our host. Shall we row over and take him out?"

Mr. Harriott was plainly delighted at Mollie's suggestion that he come out fishing with them. He had superintended the carpenters until he felt sure that they were all idiots. A little soothing fresh



air and the gentle handling of a line—he never caught a fish—appealed to his wearied intellect.

"There's something wrong with this party," said he, when in the boat. "We don't mix as we ought to."

"Oh, *we* do!" Mr. Keane emphasized the pronoun.

"To tell you the truth"—Mr. Harriott spoke confidentially—"I'm uneasy. Mrs. Haselton assures me that she heard footsteps on the veranda in the night, between twelve and two. Leta is so careless about her jewels! Now, could it have been burglars?"

"It might have been I," said Mr. Keane solemnly. "I'm a bad sleeper, and often wander about at night."

Mr. Harriott nodded with relief. When they landed every one was on the veranda. Leta was talking with ostentation to Lord Taymouth. Mrs. Haselton leaned over the railing and said:

"How hot you look! Have you been fishing?"

"Yes," Mr. Harriott answered. "By the way, your nocturnal wanderer was no one more dangerous than Mr. Keane. He does n't sleep well."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haselton—her tone did n't contain the satisfaction it should have. "I was sure I heard somebody." She shuddered.

"How terrible!" Leta cried. "It might have been a burglar after all. Papa, you will have to put bars on Mrs. Haselton's window—she has only one leading to the veranda. It won't do for her to be frightened here. She might give *Pride's Crossing* a bad name."

Mrs. Arbuthnot looked in puzzled wonder at the two women's faces. Something more than the ordinary fright of a nervous lady had lighted the lamp of anger in them both. What was all this agitation about?

"I'll have bars put on to-morrow," said Mr. Harriott. "I'll put them on for you myself, Mrs. Haselton. I'll attend to it at once." He trotted off towards the landing.

Mrs. Haselton followed him. "I assure you, Mr. Harriott, I am not at all alarmed—now."

But Mr. Harriott interrupted her. "Can't have you losing your sleep. I'll see what can be done at once."

The lady protesting that bars were not at all necessary, and the gentleman assuring her that he would not have her worried on any account, they made a noisy progress towards the wharf.

When Mollie reached the cool seclusion of her room (she had to pass Leta's door to get to it, as the two girls occupied a suite of two bed-rooms, a sitting room, and a bath-room at the north end of the house) she beheld Leta tearing down through the blueberry bushes towards the big rock at the end of the lake. Mollie arranged her hair, then sat down for a few moments' reflection. There was a certain amount of thunder in the mental atmosphere. She was not surprised

that Leta did not like Mrs. Haselton, but Mollie thought the girl injudicious to display her feelings so openly.

Lunch time was near when Leta, breathless, hot, and evidently exhausted, hurried into Mollie's room.

"Where have you been?" demanded Mollie abruptly.

"Out," said the other laconically. "Is n't that Haselton woman a beast? It was n't Billie Keane she heard on the veranda."

"What?"

"You believed it? Well, I did n't."

"Who was it, then?" asked Mollie.

Leta looked a bit confused. "That's the question," she said. "I don't believe it was any one. She'd say anything, that woman would."

"She's common," answered Mollie; "but I think you are foolish to let her see you dislike her. Are you really afraid she will marry your father?"

Leta paused, her arms suspended. She was arranging her long hair, which had become loosened by her violent exercise. "Do you think it possible?" she asked.

"Don't you?" said Mollie. "It seemed to me——"

"I suppose you are right," said Leta, with portentous gravity. "It would be an awful thing. Oh, Mollie, don't let her!"

"How can I prevent it?" Mrs. Arbuthnot's tone was aggrieved. "You told me your suspicions when I arrived."

"Yes, but more in fun than anything else. Marry him yourself, Mollie. Why are you a widow? You got nothing, after all, and——"

"Many women get nothing."

"I'll have to be quick now and arrange things with Lord Taymouth," said Leta. "Well, I may as well get it done. Papa has promised to give me a million dollars the day I fix it up. That does n't include my trousseau, of course. If he's thinking of making that woman Mrs. Harriott, I'd better get all the money I can before she controls the finances." Leta straightened her belt, and pulled some bits of bay leaves off her skirt.

"You've been away over to the end of the island," said Mollie. "There's no bay this side of the rocks. No wonder you're hot."

"What a Sherlock Holmes you'd make!" laughed Miss Harriott. "Well, thanks to my forethought, papa will bar up that old cat's window. I know her well. She'll be snuffing around at night if he does n't."

"What does that matter?" said Mollie morosely. "There's something going on. You're not trusting me. Things are so queer. You're excited, Mrs. Haselton's spiteful, and——"

"And Mr. Keane's devoted to you," added Leta significantly.

"That has nothing to do with it"—Mollie's voice was indifferent.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with Mrs. Haselton," said Leta confidentially. "Last winter I took Mr. Mitchell away from her."

"But he's horrid!" Mollie dismissed him as of no importance.

"He is charming."

"My dear Leta, you can't know anything about him. Mrs. Haselton insinuated that he followed me here. You've not seen him, have you?"

"Yes, once. He was here."

"Well, don't cultivate his society. You'll be sorry if you do. Now, his wife is so nice—she has paid his debts over and over again. But she's quite worn out with his scrapes."

"There's the bell! Hurry, Mollie! Daddy is so cross if we keep him waiting."

#### IV.

MR. HARRIOTT devoted a whole afternoon to the putting up of bars on Mrs. Haselton's window, during which time she sat on the veranda, beside him, and smiled, in well feigned rapture, at his display of anxiety for her comfort and peace of mind. To tell the truth, however, she was not a little annoyed with him. She had not altogether believed Mr. Keane when he intimated that he was probably the midnight marauder; nor did she take much stock in the burglar theory. Being of a somewhat curious disposition, she had intended to do a little midnight prowling on her own account, and she did not want her only means of egress barred up. But she wisely kept all her dissatisfaction to herself, and prattled on sweetly about Leta and Lord Taymouth. She tried to find out from Mr. Harriott whether his daughter was disposed to accept the Englishman for her husband. Mr. Harriott knew nothing about it, and so he told her.

Mrs. Haselton threw out judicious hints anent the dreary condition of Mr. Harriott if his daughter married. These English marriages were all very well, she told him, but the bridegroom's relatives were not always disposed to take the father of the bride to their bosoms, even though he had bestowed a fortune on his daughter. The man who provided the money was not always made much account of; and the family of Taymouth—the Duke of Carminster was Lord Taymouth's father—might not welcome Mr. Harriott over- cordially.

She tactfully intimated that an allowance was the wisest way of dowering a daughter, as it could be enlarged or curtailed according as the lady pleased or displeased the father. She laid great stress on Mr. Harriott's certain loneliness after his daughter had left him; then, feeling that she had successfully paved the way for disquieting thoughts on the subject, she thanked him sweetly for his goodness to her, uttered some complimentary observations on the consideration and charm of American husbands, and allowed him to depart. Then she went in the house, assuring herself that she had done a good day's work. Why

should n't she be Mrs. Harriott, and have the spending of the Harriott millions? Why should it all become Leta's? Therefore, Mrs. Haselton's one yearning at present was that the affectionate relations existing between Mr. Harriott and his daughter might, through her scheming and influence, be altered.

Mrs. Haselton's words bore stronger fruit than she had expected, in a way. Mr. Harriott could cherish only one idea at a time, and as he strolled down the veranda, smoking, a brilliant thought occurred to him. Why should n't he marry? And marry Mollie Arbuthnot? It was, he knew well, almost an impossibility that his daughter's marriage with even the son of the Duke of Carminster could materially advance the position of her father in New York; and it was solely in New York that he wanted advancement. European alliances, however high the rank of the man may be, have not, as a rule, done much good socially to the lady's family, when the most exclusive set in New York have gently but firmly refused to have anything to do with them.

Mr. Harriott knew that the coolness on the part of what he was pleased to know as the "four hundred" would be likely to endure forever, unless he could in some way manage to break down the barriers. And Mollie Arbuthnot knew every one worth knowing! If—oh, if she would only accept him! He foresaw endless roads of bliss before him. He and his wife would have the *entrée* everywhere.

He had been attracted by Mrs. Haselton—decidedly attracted. He had even contemplated asking her to marry him. But now the vast flood of light which descended upon him through the illuminating idea of what must happen, should he marry Mollie, quite obliterated the recollection of Mrs. Haselton. He laughed softly to himself. If he could only carry out his plans! And there seemed to be nothing to prevent his getting his desire. The girl was so poor that she was quite sure to accept him, and he did n't mind even if she did primarily accept him for his money.

As a result of these cogitations, Mr. Harriott proceeded to monopolize Mrs. Arbuthnot's society, a manœuvre which was viewed by Billie Keane with huge disfavor. The latter felt what the successful diplomatist must no doubt often experience when his suggested reforms bear greater fruit than he expects or desires. It was all very well for Mollie to be nice to Mr. Harriott—to influence him in favor of Leta, to arrest any interference in her career on the part of Mrs. Haselton. But Mr. Keane had no intention of relinquishing in favor of Mr. Harriott any of his precious hours wrested from fate to spend with Mollie.

"I wish you would n't always run away when I come near," said Mr. Keane plaintively. He had spent many weary moments looking for

Mollie, and when he found her sitting on the veranda, sewing, she had immediately risen and announced her intention of going to look for Leta. "It's not kind of you," he continued.

She did try to avoid him, but she did not want him to know it. His presence filled her with unbearable self-contempt. "I don't always run away," she said. "I spent all yesterday morning with you in the canoe." She sat down and continued her work.

"You run away altogether too often," he protested. "Why disturb Miss Harriott now? I can tell you where she is: if you look towards the swamp you will see her white gown. She is with Taymouth, who, I doubt not, is inviting her to merge her fortune with his title." He paused a moment, and then inquired suddenly: "Do you believe most marriages are happy?"

"Oh, yes," said Mollie, with an air of cheerful detachment. "I have a large bump of romance concealed somewhere about me—though you might not think it"—she glanced at her slight form and so did he, then both laughed. Billie Keane threw aside his hat, and sat watching her swift-flying fingers.

"What are you making?" he demanded at last. "Is that embroidery?"

"No, it's a handkerchief, and I'm hemming it. My great-aunt gave me a dozen, and do you know, I always despised them? Yes, I did. I would not have hemmed them for anything. But be sure your sins—or omissions—will find you out! And now I need them, so I am doing the despised sewing." She spoke gayly.

Keane frowned. He knew, better than she thought, the extent of the disaster which had befallen her, and the knowledge of her poverty maddened him. He had plenty, she nothing; and, although he loved her, he could n't do one thing to help her.

"Where's Harriott?" he demanded.

"He and Mrs. Haselton are rearranging some pictures in the studio," Mollie said. "He seems much better friends with Leta than he used to be."

"I've noticed it," answered Mr. Keane.

"And he is much nicer to Leta," continued Mrs. Arbuthnot. "He spent the first half of the afternoon, however, in losing his hammer, and the rest of the time losing his temper."

As she spoke, vociferous ejaculations travelled out to them from the studio.

"I did n't mean you to carry out my directions so literally," said Mr. Keane, and his eyes and tone were reproachful.

"What directions?" inquired Mollie. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"I think you've overdone your part, you know. You spend so



much time with Mr. Harriott, protecting him from the wiles of that lady, that——"

"I don't!" protested Mollie. "He comes and talks to me, and insists on taking me fishing. I don't see what I can do. I think it must be because he is sorry for me."

She could have bitten her tongue out after she had spoken; but he only pulled a cushion higher up under the back of his head, and said lazily:

"I don't believe it's that."

"He has always been very nice to me," said she, "and I really like him, and Leta as well—though my aunt does warn me not to come here." Quite unconsciously, Mrs. Arbuthnot had grown to trust Billie Keane. He was strong and quiet, and she felt instinctively that he was a good man to rely on, though she was quite sure she could n't ever forgive him for the letter he had sent her two years ago.

Keane wondered of what she was thinking, and wished he knew her well enough to ask. He cursed himself firmly and decisively for accepting the cool way she had disposed of him and his proposal two years before.

"How far is a man justified," said he, "in telling a woman he loves her? I mean—suppose, for instance, he asks her to marry him, and she refuses him, but he can't forget her. What can he do? Is it persecution on his part to assiduously cultivate her society? Must he take her 'no' to mean, 'Avoid me, don't see me,' or is it right for him to ask her again?"

"I think," she answered cautiously, "that he had better observe her as he would a barometer. If she's kind——"

"Yes? Yes?"

"Try again," Mollie went on. She turned down the hem of her handkerchief, and no flush disturbed the coolness of her cheeks. She did not believe that his question had any reference to her. How could it? He had never given her any special reason to believe that he loved her.

The coming of a servant with tea and all its paraphernalia disturbed their tête-à-tête. Then followed Mr. Harriott's arrival, heralded by loud argument. That gentleman, who was accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Haselton, was warmly criticising the position of some pictures in the studio.

As was his custom when Mollie was present, Mr. Harriott talked with her, to the exclusion of every one else, and paid her so many compliments that the girl's feeling of amusement changed to one of annoyance.

Keane's eyes turned towards the path. He saw Leta and Lord Taymouth approaching, and noticed the man's triumphant air, noticed

also that the girl looked blighted, faded, and forlorn. "Almost a duchess," muttered Billie to himself. "Why should she look so doleful?" There was surely no need for Miss Harriott to marry her titled lover. Mr. Harriott would n't have been especially grieved by her refusal of the young nobleman, Keane knew. But there was no question about Lord Taymouth's absolute joy. His eyes were bright, his air masterful. "He loves the girl, that's certain," thought Billie Keane; "but I can't make her out."

An unaccountable sense of dissatisfaction with all things crept over Mr. Keane. He did n't enjoy seeing happiness through other people's eyes. Yet he admired the young nobleman because he did n't try to conceal how joyful he was.

Taymouth did n't wait for any one to speak. He knew he carried his news in his eyes, and he led Leta up to her father and said:

"Mr. Harriott, Leta has promised to marry me, if you will consent."

"My goodness! you've startled me!" said Mr. Harriott. "You be good to her! If you're not——" He laughed and shook his fist at his prospective son-in-law. Then he took his hand and said: "You're a good chap. I like you. Leta, come here."

By this time every one was congratulating the young couple, and the din was loud. Leta took advantage of it to seize her father's hand and whisper:

"Daddy, you will settle the money on *me*, won't you? So that I can do just what I like with it?"

"Has he been saying anything to you about money?" Her father's tone was full of stern disapproval.

"Not he!" laughed Leta. "He does n't think of money when I'm around." Her father's air of distrust vanished. "But you will, won't you, Daddy?"

"Of course I will, my dear," said Mr. Harriott. "No husband shall have the spending of your money."

"How much are you going to give me to buy my trousseau?" whispered the girl. "May I have a check soon?"

"Whoever heard of such a thing!" ejaculated the amazed parent. "Listen to this, good people! Leta wants——"

"Don't you dare tell!" interrupted his daughter.

"I must—it's such a joke! Here's a lady just engaged to a man who—poor creature!—hardly has had time to realize what has happened to him—that he is about to become that awful warning to mankind, a husband—when the lady calmly murmurs: 'Daddy, how much are you going to give me for my trousseau?'"

"Did you say that?" inquired Taymouth, beaming on her with fond rapture.

"Yes;" but Leta's voice was fretful, annoyed.

"I never heard of anything so calm, so audacious," commented Mr. Harriott. "How much do you want, Leta?"

But his daughter had vanished in offended haste.

## V.

BILLIE KEANE watched Mr. Harriott stroll off with his future son-in-law, then sought out Leta and invited her to come out in the canoe. She accepted languidly, but announced as a condition that Mollie must go, too. Now, Mrs. Arbuthnot had no desire to spend even a few moments in Mr. Keane's company. She had repeatedly assured herself of that fact, and reiteration sometimes passes for conviction. But, forced by Leta, she reluctantly abandoned her letter writing and walked behind them to the shore. She took one of the paddles, as Leta announced that she proposed to be idle. What was the good of hard labor when some one else could do it in your place? And Mollie looked so graceful paddling!

After a time the capricious Leta caught a glimpse of Taymouth lounging alone on a big rock by the pine trees.

"Land me now," she commanded. "You can go for a little paddle, and then come back for me."

"I don't want to paddle," said Mollie. "I came out only because you insisted on my coming. I'll land too."

"Thereby making the unnecessary third," suggested Billie Keane quietly.

"I can walk home," retorted the lady stiffly.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Leta. "You know perfectly well how you loathe remaining indoors. Now, Mr. Keane, insist on her taking my seat. And then you can come back for me when I call. You need not lose sight of me, you know, Mollie, if you are afraid of Mr. Keane. Do you think you need a chaperon?"—with maliciousness which, though playful, annoyed Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"I am not in the least afraid of Mr. Keane," said she. Outwardly, she appeared very calm and serene; inwardly, she could have choked Leta for her pleasantries.

"How much longer are you going to stay here?" Keane demanded, as Miss Harriott joined her fiancé. He did not refer to Mollie's manifest reluctance to spend a few minutes alone with him.

"I was asked for three months," she replied; "but, of course, now they have altered their plans. Lord Taymouth's people are on their way out, or soon will be, so I suppose Leta will have to go and meet them and take them to Newport. She wants me to help her buy clothes in New York in the autumn. I suppose"—with great vagueness—"I'll wander around somewhere, and then——"

"And then?"

"Make my plans for the winter," said she, with cheerful indefiniteness.

She dangled one hand in the warm water, and bent her head to look in its clear depths. Though she hid it from Mr. Keane, and indeed from all the world, she was worried, horribly, hauntingly worried. In the night watches and in moments of quiet reflection, the tramp of apprehension could not be quieted. Mollie did not know which way to turn. How could she make a living? The market was overcrowded, and she was an incapable. She did not mince matters when discussing her future with herself.

"Have you heard from Gordon lately?" asked Mr. Keane.

A warm scarlet blazed in Mollie's cheeks and neck, and she turned her head away. She had met Jim Gordon that summer—the summer Billie Keane remembered as a white summer, though he had been fool enough to hash the opportunities fate had offered him. He attributed Mrs. Arbuthnot's coldness to himself to the more potent charm of Jim Gordon. He fancied Mollie loved Gordon.

"I've had a line from him—once—since then," faltered she. "He does n't know my address now."

Mr. Keane pondered silently on the reason for her embarrassment, and said quietly: "He's doing rather well."

"His orbit and mine don't cross," said Mollie.

"Not from any fault of his, I'm sure." Mr. Keane's air was very stiff.

"Oh, fate is a good separator," said she, with indifference, and wondered how much Gordon had told him; while he wondered how much she cared for the other man.

"I asked Miss Harriott to invite me here, to meet you," he acknowledged impulsively.

"Why?" she inquired, with real astonishment. "That was surely a great waste of time on your part."

"You need n't remind me of that," he protested hotly. "Do you think I don't realize it? Don't imagine that I do not understand the situation—I comprehend it perfectly. But I'm just as great a fool as the average man, and——"

"Caught!" cried Mrs. Haselton triumphantly, as Mr. Harriott brought his canoe alongside. "We've been creeping near you, stalking you—in fact, playing Indian"—she laughed loudly. "You never heard us! You must have been thoroughly absorbed in your conversation."

"We were discussing the political situation, and we did n't want to deprive you of the small satisfaction of believing that you had frightened us"—Mr. Keane was provokingly calm.

Mollie did not speak.

"We're going to get the mail," proclaimed Mr. Harriott. "Come along, you two. I'm sure there must be some letters for Mrs. Arbuthnot."

"But Leta! We have to go for her."

"She's comfortably ensconced on the wharf, with the adored one," said the lady's father. "She told me to tell you to run away and play. So you really must come with us"—with great geniality. "Roughing it here, we get our letters so late," he grumbled.

"You don't call this roughing it, do you?" laughed Mollie. "Pride's Crossing is like a hotel; it's full of servants, and there are buttons everywhere to turn on the electric light. Now, when I camped out in New Brunswick, we had to *work*. We slept on hemlock boughs, in tents; we bathed in the lake, and took our meals in the shack. There were no bath-rooms, or hot water, and——"

"We made a big fire at night, and paddled around the lake in the starlight," added Mr. Keane.

"Were you there?" demanded Mrs. Haselton. "I should n't have thought that sort of thing was in your line, Billie Keane."

Mr. Keane loathed her when she used his Christian name. He did not desire to be "Billie" to her.

"I had that honor," said he. "You see, you don't know me very well, Mrs. Haselton. We used to get up early, and make coffee," he went on reminiscently. "Do you remember, Mrs. Arbuthnot?"

"You did, you mean," said Mollie. "I got up when the coffee was ready. It was masterly strategy on my part, was n't it?"

"We heard the loons laughing between the dawn and the day," he went on softly. "Oh, those were good days!"

Mollie looked at him as she had never looked since those never-to-be-forgotten days at the camp.

"There are no loons here," she said with regret. "The electric launch has frightened them all away." She leaned forward and said, almost in a whisper: "I heard them yesterday morning up in the still water beyond the big lake."

"You were out so early?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes." Then she added in a louder tone: "How soft the lake water was at camp."

"Mrs. Arbuthnot remembers only the benefit the soft water was to her complexion," jeered Mrs. Haselton.

"Well, now, let's get a move on," commanded Mr. Harriott. "Keane, take Mrs. Haselton."

Mr. Keane decided that there were possibilities of absolute brutality in Harriott, and not latent ones either; but, with an unchanged countenance, he accepted charge of the lady; and it rather pleased him to know that she was quite as much disgusted with the arrangement as



was he himself. Mr. Harriott appropriated Mrs. Arbuthnot and whisked her up to the post-office, down to the wharf, and off towards Pride's Crossing, before the other two had realized his intentions.

"I wonder whether Mrs. Arbuthnot would marry Mr. Harriott, if he asked her," said Mrs. Haselton maliciously. She hoped thereby to make Billie Keane angry. She had watched him carefully and surmised that he loved Mollie. "I think she would," Mrs. Haselton went on speculatively. "She's so poor now, you know, she'll have to take any one."

"I think I know her well enough to be reasonably sure that she would n't marry him—or any other man—unless she loved him," said he, with assumed indifference. But he was n't indifferent—oh, no! Mollie married to that man!

Mrs. Arbuthnot did not mind her host's monopolization of her; she regarded him with amiable tolerance, and laughed at his flattery. Not for worlds would he have confessed his weakness, but he was thoroughly tired of art. He was much more interested in Leta's trousseau and her matrimonial arrangements generally than in the acquiring or arrangement of pictures, however much they had cost. In fact, just at that time matrimony and its attendant ceremonies were occupying his mind to the exclusion of all else. He himself was yearning to marry, and soon.

## VI.

THE canoe bumped. Mollie, paddling in the bow, fell forward. Mr. Keane was jerked upon his face.

"Sit still!" he shouted, when he recovered himself. The wind was blowing hard against them. The waves chunked and gurgled on the sides of the canoe. The head sea threatened to swamp them as the canoe, pinned by the rock, drifted side on to the waves. The unexpected obstacle had its sharp point just hidden by a little veil of water, so that the waves did n't break on it and show its existence.

"I wish we had the birch-bark," he muttered moodily. He shoved off. "Now," he cried, "paddle your hardest! We're taking in too much water to go very far. We must make for that cove." He set his mouth hard. "Must" did n't mean that they were certain to reach there.

Mrs. Arbuthnot said nothing. She had a great faculty for silence in a difficult situation.

Early that morning the whole party had started by train to Megwauk Junction, with three canoes, two men to paddle, and a whole load of lunch baskets. They lunched at the big still water, and then paddled down the chain of lakes. It was about twenty miles from Megwauk to Pride's Crossing.

After landing on one of the islands for a short rest, they started for home, with a ten-mile paddle before them, and a twenty-mile wind against them. It was late, too; they had dawdled over building a fire, and had not noticed the weather. Mr. Keane and Mrs. Arbuthnot had insisted on taking the Peterborough canoe. Each of the big birch-barks had one of the men from MacDonald's in the stern. Mr. Harriott was in the bow of one, and Mr. Vandever in the bow of the other. Leta, Lord Taymouth, Mrs. Haselton, and that nonentity Mrs. Vandever were the passengers. Mr. Harriott had objected strongly to not having Mollie with him, but Mrs. Haselton had adjudged this the moment to assert her claim, and had insisted on her host travelling with her. Mollie was the only girl who could paddle; and it was impossible for Billie Keane to manage the Peterborough alone, and equally impossible for Mrs. Arbuthnot to do the heavy work in the birch-bark. The heavier canoes soon outdistanced the small one. Mollie found her training had made her strong enough to go on with the regular, rhythmic motion for hours. They kept the head of the canoe on to the wind and sea, and got along fairly well. Then, just as they struck a calmer streak of water, where a headland gave a little shelter, they banged—crashed—into the hidden rock.

Mollie had no knowledge of the extent of the damage, and there was no time to look. Keane had a pretty good idea, because he felt the water coming in. The seas threatened to swamp them as they made a staggering course towards a little landing-place near a stalwart pine tree. Above it rocky ledges ranged high, and higher, till it seemed as if they joined the inky sky. An eagle screamed over their heads, and a few premonitory drops of rain splashed on their faces. Mollie's hat had blown away somewhere, and her hair hung down around her shoulders. Her eyes burned with the wind's continual whipping. It was very cold, but her thick red sweater kept her from suffering therefrom. Then, too, the hard work was warming.

"Paddle," commanded the man behind her, in a stern, tense voice. "The water's coming in fast. We don't want to swim—yet."

The swirling water outside, and the horrible black water in the canoe, were very close. She worked desperately. Finally they reached the rock. Keane jumped out and dragged her up by the shoulders. "Get out of the water," he told her. "Take the basket. I'll see to the canoe. There's a hole in her big enough to swamp an iron-clad," he went on dolefully. "Oh, for the birch-bark! I've mended one before this with a bit of rag and some resin. We could be off again in half an hour. But now——" He paused, glanced around him at the weather prospect—which was certainly not encouraging—and continued: "It's settling in for a nasty night. I'm afraid we'll have to try to walk to MacDonald's."

"Through that brush, with rocks as big as houses, and the dark coming on?" said Mollie. "No, thank you. There's a better way than that. We'll make camp."

"In this wind, without any shelter?" he cried. "It would kill you."

"Oh, I'm tough," she retorted. "Any way, there's no chance of getting on. We can construct a lean-to with the canoe carpet. Now are n't you glad we have it? You laughed at me for bringing it, you remember."

The gathering dusk hid the admiring glance he directed towards her. She was plucky, he thought. Then he arranged the canoe as a screen; for an occasional eddy of wind drifted down on them, and it was cold. Mollie made a fireplace of stones, while Keane wrung the water out of the soaked carpet. He chose as good a mossy bit as he could find under the lee of the granite ledge, and cut some saplings for poles for an extemporized tent.

"It will be better than nothing," said the practical lady calmly. "We can keep a little dry."

"Your feet must be soaked," he said, with a sudden rush of dismay at the uncomfortable plight she was in.

"Get the fire going," returned Mollie, "and I'll soon get dry. A wetting won't hurt me. But it will spoil the wood for us, and we'll need a fire badly. I thought so," she added, as the few big drops that had been falling increased to a steady downpour. "Let's get all the wood we can before it's soaked."

Under the hastily arranged lean-to, with a blazing fire in front of them, they were fairly comfortable.

"I can't begin to tell you how annoyed, how terribly worried, I am about this," said he. "I ought never to have allowed you to come in that canoe. I should have sent you with the others. I did n't know the lakes well enough to risk taking you down in such a gale."

"Don't worry," she replied. "It might be a lot worse."

"Can't you take off your shoes?" he besought humbly. "I'll go——"

"You will do nothing of the sort," she interrupted. "What is the good of your getting any wetter than you are? You are as badly off as I am. My feet will soon dry here. I'll stick them in front of the fire—see?" She thrust out a foot, shod with tan kid. "My shoes are done for! They were idiotic ones, anyhow, to wear on an expedition of this sort. They have almost gone to pulp"—with a little laugh—"and if I once got them off they'd never go on again."

"Why do you women wear such silly things on your feet?" he growled. There was relief in venting some of his sympathy for her on even an inoffensive pair of shoes.

"Pure vanity made me wear them," she said confidentially. "They were my best and prettiest." She did not add, as she truthfully could have added, "and the only pair I have." Mollie had not bought her summer outfit of shoes before the crash came.

"We'll have to tramp it when the day dawns," said he morosely, "unless they send to look for us to-night. But they'll probably think we've found shelter in some farm-house or shanty."

"The men know there is no farm or shanty this side of MacDonald's," retorted the lady. "I'm hungry," she said suddenly. "You've not looked in that basket."

He was much relieved at this total change of subject, and promptly pulled the basket towards him. "Nothing but wet sandwiches," he said. "We can't eat such mush."

"Could n't we toast them?" asked the ever practical Mollie. "The fire's lovely. Get a bit of stick, Mr. Keane."

Billie Keane discovered that he could toast them—they were only soggy, not absolute "mush," as he had described them—and they managed to satisfy their hunger with them. Keane wished she would n't be so wondrously sweet and gay. He knew that if she kept on he could n't resist the impulse to tell her that he loved her; and he knew that she would be angry with him if he did. Oh, for a counter-irritant of some sort, to keep him from the fatal topic. "Is this the way to behave?" soliloquized he dolefully. "Alone with her—to annoy her—to spoil everything!" But he had to do something, to risk, perhaps ruin, the friendship he had so toilfully constructed in spite of her opposition. He blurted out: "I have been expecting to hear of your engagement to Jim Gordon. After I sent you that letter——"

"You have been expecting *what*?" she interrupted.

"To hear of your engagement to Jim Gordon," he repeated coolly.

"Oh, well, you can go on expecting," she returned, and her tone was not pleasant. The fire was low, so he could n't see her lip quiver. "Put some wood on, won't you?" she said quietly. He could tell from her tone that he had annoyed her.

"I suppose I may tell you that I think him very lucky."

"You need not tell me anything," retorted Mollie angrily. "I am tired—too tired to talk." She felt chilly, hopeless, and lonely, out there in the dark, listening to the mournful sound of the night wind and the patter of rain on the sodden carpet stretched on poles above her head.

Both sat still after that, gazing into the glowing embers, which purred loudly with the burning of the wet wood. Occasionally a tiny flame blazed up.

The hours passed slowly. When dawn broke, she was sleeping. Billie Keane looked at her tenderly. She seemed very young—like a child almost—as she lay still in the gray light. He stirred up the

jaded fire, and toasted a few more sandwiches. Mollie awoke presently, and they ate their makeshift breakfast in silence.

"I'm afraid there's nothing for us but to tramp it," he said despondently. "Do you think you can stand it?"

"Yes," said she succinctly.

"I wonder why you answered my letter as you did," he said suddenly—he was bold in the daylight.

"It was the only way to answer such a letter."

"But you might have been a bit kinder," he protested. "I said nothing at which you needed to take offense."

"You were at least truthful," she said coldly. "I suppose you were right to be that. But don't let's talk about it any more, please. The subject wearies me."

He turned away, and busied himself hiding the cushions and carpet under the canoe, and putting out the fire. There was not much danger of its spreading, but habit is second nature, and Keane had been too well trained to leave a fire burning in the woods. Then he collected the meagre supply of provisions that was left, and said genially:

"Let's be off."

She had tidied her hair, and washed her face and hands in the lake. "Do you know the way?" she asked.

"No, but I can travel all right by the sun," he replied, with more confidence than he felt. "But perhaps it would be wiser to wait here. They are certain to send, and——"

"No," she answered; "let us go on. We can keep along the side of the lake, where we can see them if they bring a canoe for us."

They travelled all that day, but found it impossible to keep along the edge of the lake, as the brush was too thick and the going too heavy. It was six that evening when they reached MacDonald's; and it was nearly seven when a wildly delighted Mr. Harriott almost danced a jig of rapture around the returned wanderers on the landing at Pride's Crossing.

"How did you get here?" he demanded, with agitation. "I sent the men back in a canoe, but they could n't find a trace of you. We were afraid you had been drowned."

Mollie laughed. "Not quite," she returned, striving to be cheerful. No one knew how glad she was that that long nightmare of a tramp through the woods in Billie Keane's company was over. Everything and everybody seemed hateful to her just then. "It's a poor game being a woman in the woods," laughed she. "One's skirts get so in the way."

Mr. Harriott did not heed her—he was giving instructions for the immediate preparation of refreshment for them—but Mr. Keane wondered at the unwonted bitterness of her tone. His tramp with her had



not affected his temper. "Why did the mention of Jim Gordon flatten her out so quickly?" Billie Keane asked himself; and he found himself utterly unable to answer the question.

## VII.

QUITE worn out with her exertions, Mrs. Arbuthnot retired to her bed, where she spent two days in unprofitable reflection. Then she got up and dressed herself. Better the society of real people than that of ghosts, which made her miserable.

Yielding to an impulse, she took out the blue muslin dress, the ridiculous hat, and a bundle of letters. They were not many, and were all in the same handwriting. Some were not signed; others were. The signature was "W. B. Keane." She burned all the letters but one in the fireplace. She thought of throwing the muslin gown to the flames also, but could n't quite bear to do it. That gown was alive, to her.

When she went down on the veranda, she found Mr. Harriott there alone; and his loud lamentations on the subject of her pale cheeks and jaded appearance wearied her unutterably. He nearly drove her to rudeness by his ceaseless fussing.

She went to her room early—at about nine o'clock. Leta was in the sitting-room, writing letters. She announced her intention of sitting up late, to attend to some important correspondence, so Mollie went to bed.

The house was simply a straggling bungalow, and the girls' rooms were the only ones the windows of which did not open on the veranda. They were not very high from the ground, but that was no source of apprehension to the occupants, as burglars were practically unknown in that part of the world. Mollie had often wondered why Leta had chosen those rooms. There was something decidedly attractive to the older woman in having a veranda outside one's window. Leta, however, always laughed and said she preferred to be completely inaccessible, except by door, which one could lock.

Mollie fell into a profound sleep, leaving her light burning. She awoke hurriedly, startled by the sound of a man's voice. Then there was a noise as though some one were getting in at a window. Who could it be? What midnight marauder would want to get in their sitting-room?

Mollie wrapped her dressing-gown around her, opened her door softly, so as not to alarm Leta, and listened.

The electric light in the little hall was turned on, and as the door leading into the sitting-room was ajar, she could see that that apartment was illuminated, too. A man was talking in a subdued tone. It was—who was it? Who could it be at that time of night with Leta? She

knew Miss Harriott was there, for she recognized her laugh. The remembrance of Mrs. Haselton's remarks returned to her mind with annoying persistence. It seemed now as though there must be some truth in them, though at the time Mollie had thought that the woman had lied. Whom had Mrs. Haselton heard on the veranda? It was Leta who had suggested that bars be put up on the inquisitive one's window.

"Leta!" called Mollie. "Leta!"

For a moment there was silence; then Leta opened the door and came out. She wore a white evening gown—such as no one ever donned at Pride's Crossing, for there was no need of ball dresses in the woods.

"Hush!" commanded Miss Harriott in subdued tones. "Did we wake you?"

"Yes," replied Mollie; "of course. Who is in there with you?"

"Jack," returned Leta promptly.

"Well, Jack ought to know better," grumbled Mrs. Arbuthnot. She was relieved to hear it was Jack. For one awful moment she had thought it might be Billie Keane. It was true that the indifferent Mr. Keane took little notice of Miss Harriott beyond that of mere civility due from a guest to the daughter of the house; but he might—men have been known to do such things—have hidden his interest under an assumed air of coldness. "I'm surprised that Lord Taymouth comes here at this time of night," said Mollie sternly. "It looks as if he were not playing a part in a legitimate drama, but were——"

"Nothing of the sort," interposed Leta, still in that cautious whisper. "Do go to bed, Mollie! If the man a girl's engaged to does n't constitute legitimate drama, what does? What does?" She shook Mrs. Arbuthnot gently.

"He must go," said Mollie firmly.

"He's just going," said Leta, with easy assurance. "He wanted to see me in a ball gown, without all the cats about."

"We *cats* leave you alone with him very frequently!" exclaimed Mollie. "You could have worn that gown earlier in the evening. It's two o'clock."

"I know it. But some day, Mollie Arbuthnot, you'll know what it is to be willing to sell your soul for a man!"

"I may know it already," retorted Mrs. Arbuthnot, "but I would n't do it; for afterwards—he would n't want me."

"Are you going to stay here all night arguing about abstract situations?" demanded Miss Harriott. And Mollie fled. Soon she heard the window shut, and Leta moving in her bedroom.

"You'll not tell Jack how shocked you were?" said Miss Harriott pleadingly, before breakfast the next morning. "He would n't like it talked about."

"Bother him and his likes!" said Mollie. "What about you? What a goose you are! I did n't think you cared enough about him to plan to meet him in secret."

"Ah, you don't know everything!" She laughed, and looked so pretty that Mollie kissed her.

Mollie gave Lord Taymouth a rather cold good-morning. She was annoyed at the thought of his behaving in such an injudicious and inconsiderate way. To pay clandestine visits to his fiancée's private apartments at dead of night was a most questionable method of conducting an affair of the heart.

"Don't you sit up rather late?" she asked him as he carried her coffee cup around the table to her.

"Did we disturb you?" he said, with contrition. "I'm very sorry. Leta often lets me run in to say good-night."

"You take a long time," said his mentor sternly. "You'll have nothing left to talk about after you are married, I'm afraid. You are entirely too prodigal."

"We'll always have the newspapers to fall back upon," he laughed. "They are always with us. But, really, Mrs. Arbuthnot, I'm awfully put out. I would n't have bothered you for anything. It's too bad."

"But why on earth do you come in at the window?" she demanded.

"I don't, I assure you," said Taymouth. "I come in by the door."

"I thought I heard you scramble in at the window. That woke me."

"I opened the window—that woke you, perhaps," he corrected. "Leta complained of the heat."

"But it was so late," persisted Mrs. Arbuthnot. "About two."

"Oh, nonsense! It was much earlier than that, I'm certain," he asserted energetically. "You were probably so sleepy that you could n't see your watch. It was n't late at all—really it was n't. Mr. Harriott was still up when I left Leta."

Mollie said no more. She supposed that she must have been mistaken, and had imagined she heard him coming in at the window. She looked at her watch, and saw that it was not fast, and concluded that Lord Taymouth had the lover's proverbial disregard of time, and had not taken count of the hours. Anyhow it was none of her business.

The party at Pride's Crossing pursued an uneventful career for some time after this. Mollie strenuously avoided Mr. Keane. He talked vaguely of returning to Newport. He had many invitations to join house parties, where no girl would have treated him as cavalierly as did Mollie Arbuthnot. Yet he lingered, unhappy, at Pride's Crossing, for the chance of a word, even an ungracious one, from her. Mr. Harriott was delighted to have him stay so long, for Billie Keane's exclusiveness was well known to his host. Mrs. Haselton's intimation that Keane was staying on her account had not been swallowed by the

wily Mr. Harriott. He guessed that Mollie was the cause of this voluntary exile from the haunts of golfers and fashion, and felt that it behooved him to be up and arranging matters with that lady. Yet he did not fear Keane as a rival—Mrs. Arbuthnot was plainly indifferent to him.

The idea of making a brilliant marriage inflated Mr. Harriott with pride, as though it were a thing accomplished. It gathered charm from mere meditation. And why should n't he marry Mollie Arbuthnot? Leta was going to leave him, to go to England, and she probably would n't visit him very often. Why should n't he enjoy a calm promenade along the matrimonial road with a young and beautiful woman?

Filled with this brilliant idea, he sought out Mollie, interrupted a conversation between her and Mr. Vandever without even begging that gentleman's pardon, and walked her off to the lake. There he promptly proceeded to put his plans into execution. He at first talked indefinitely on the subject of his loneliness after Leta's marriage; then he wailed about the extravagance of servants, and the incompetence of even the best of housekeepers when not supervised by a mistress. He wanted to impress his audience with his vast wealth, but he could n't help but see that she was rather inattentive.

At last it occurred to Mrs. Arbuthnot that he was offering her either a home or a position as his housekeeper after his daughter left him. He seemed to require a caretaker.

"It's kind of you," she said, "but really I could n't come and look after your house for you, you know. What would people say if I did? You'd give rise to a scandal. You'll have to marry."

He was quite appalled by her air of cheerful unconcern, her want of understanding. "I intend to marry," said he pompously. "I want you to be Mrs. Harriott."

"You want me to marry you!" she repeated, aghast. "Oh, it's very good of you—you're extremely kind—but I can't marry any one. It's quite impossible. I would n't do at all."

"Now, my dear child," said he, striving to be reassuring, yet not fatherly, "think twice before you refuse the chance of your life. I want to marry you. I'm lonely—or shall be—and besides that—I will be quite candid with you—I want to get on in society, and in that you can be of great assistance to me. I'll not be a trouble to you. I'm fond of you, but there's no moonshine passion about me, and I won't irritate you with too much attention. I've plenty of money, and with your name and my fortune—and I'd settle as much on you for yourself as I'm giving Leta—we'd capture New York."

"Money?" repeated Mollie. "Money?" For the moment her intelligence was completely blurred.

Mr. Harriott thought her tone savored of acquiescence. "Yes," said he, with sublime content; "we'd get every one to our house—we could do anything. You're a Van Alstyne, and I'm one of the richest men in the States."

"Never," said Mollie firmly. "Never. You must buy some other name. You can't get mine."

Harriott started with astonishment; he had expected her to jump at the offer. Meantime Mollie was saying to herself: "What is the matter with me? Two men have offered me money; no man ever offered me his heart. I'm not worth even a battered heart. Have I the plague?" And then, to Mr. Harriott's chagrin, Mollie sat down on a rock and laughed and laughed, uncontrollably, hysterically. Her would-be suitor fled from the sound of that horrible, jeering merriment, which followed him as he dashed homeward over the rocks and through the bushes. Not till he seated himself on the veranda did the sound of the—to him—demoniacal laughter become lost to him.

Mrs. Arbuthnot threw herself down among the bushes and pressed the cool leaves to her aching head. This was the last stroke of fate's whip, and she felt shame, shame unutterable, for the way she had treated the poor man. But laughter was surely better than tears; one or the other must have overcome her, for the shock had been tremendous. He, too, had expected her to sell herself. As she lay still, she realized that *Pride's Crossing* was no place for her. She would have to go back to her flat.

Ashamed of her outburst, sick at heart because of the way in which Mr. Harriott had offered himself, Mrs. Arbuthnot dejectedly made her way back to the house. A little later she took one of the canoes, and paddled up the lake.

If Mr. Harriott had shown any real affection for her, she would n't have experienced the sickening sense of shame and disgust. But why should two men have expected her to play the part of Esau—to sell her birthright of love for a mess of pottage? What had she done to give rise to such an impression of her?

"And now to find work," thought she finally. "I've been a butterfly long enough. I'll consult Aunt Agatha, and join the ranks of the toilers."

#### VIII.

WHEN Mr. Harriott was disquieted, and could not sleep, it was his custom to get up and busy himself about something—such as hanging pictures in his studio, for instance. He rather prided himself on the fact that no one in the house ever knew when he rose early; but by the time he had despatched a maid to fetch him a hammer, and summoned the butler to assist him in opening a case, only those heavily drugged with morphia could have slumbered in his vicinity.



Mrs. Haselton, wakened by the noise of her host's operations on the picture-case, rose languidly. She hated to be disturbed. Why could n't the man stay in bed and allow his guests to slumber in peace? She rang for her maid and her morning chocolate, and then gazed idly out the window. While she was looking, a movement on the edge of the distant lake caught her eye. A canoe was pulled up on the grass, and two heads protruded from behind the low bushes. She recognized Leta and—Charley Mitchell, the man for whom Mr. Harriott had such an aversion! What a noble opportunity had fate vouchsafed to this bored early worm! This was her moment. How she detested the need of art for her eyelashes and eyebrows! If only some benefactor of the human race would invent a permanent dye for them. It took her ten minutes to dress, omitting her bath, but not her paint. The canoe was still there when she looked out again, but the two people had disappeared. Hoping there might still be a chance of paying off some of the score she owed Leta for taking Charley Mitchell away from her the preceding summer, Mrs. Haselton seized her vinaigrette and hurried out to find Mr. Harriott.

The noise of hammering in the studio led to her quickly discovering his whereabouts. He displayed no surprise at her unexpected advent, but was plainly glad to see her. He had found her very much more interesting since Mollie refused him.

"How do you think this 'Nymphs' will look here?" he demanded. "And that Constable landscape there? The light is very good, is n't it? That suggestion of yours about the great mirror——"

"I've something to tell you," she interrupted, "and I'm afraid." She sniffed the salts. "Leta, your daughter, is down by the lake—with Charley Mitchell."

"What!"

"Run!" she cried excitedly. "You may catch them if you hurry! Oh, I'm so worried! Hurry, or you'll miss them! I felt that I ought to tell you. I saw them as I was dressing."

Mr. Harriott rushed out by way of the studio window, followed by the informer. But when they reached the lake they found no trace of Leta and Mr. Mitchell. If they had ever been there, they had discreetly vanished.

"I'm sure I saw them," said Mrs. Haselton.

"You must be mistaken," said he irately. "You——"

"I saw them," she interrupted him ruthlessly.

"Then where are they?" said he angrily.

"Why don't you go and see if she is in her room?" she demanded impatiently.

Mr. Harriott hastened back to the house. When he stood before the door of his daughter's apartments, he thumped on the wooden panels

with agitation. Suddenly the door opened, and there stood Leta. Her hair hung down, and she wore a dressing-gown. She looked like a pretty baby just awakened from sleep.

"What do you want?" she asked rather crossly; then more gayly: "Is your best picture ruined, or have you perchance received some alarming news? What on earth is the matter?"

Mr. Harriott staggered back against the wall. "I thought you were out by the lake," said he blankly—"out with that cad Mitchell! Mrs. Haselton told me she saw you and him together down there, from her bedroom window."

"Mrs. Haselton told you!" answered Leta contemptuously. "She's liable to say anything! How could I be out"—one little bare foot peeped from under the white folds of her gown—"like this?"

"There was a woman with him—who was it? Who is he hanging around here to see? I'll not have it!"

"I told Mollie you would be angry. Oh, I mean——" She stopped, as though confused, then went on: "I did n't intend to tell you!"

"Do you mean to say that Mrs. Arbuthnot was out there with him?" He was more angry than his daughter had ever seen him before.

"Are you so surprised? Don't be silly, Daddy! Why should n't she get up early to go out and meet an old acquaintance, if she wants to? You can't interfere with her friendships."

"Well, I won't have her friend about my place! I will not allow it! No, Leta, I'll not allow that man on the island!" he asseverated, his never pale countenance aflame with additional purple—that of wrath.

"You can't prevent her knowing him," said his daughter.

"Perhaps not; but I can request her to leave this house at once. No wonder she ridicules and despises a decent man."

"Now, Daddy, you'll be sorry for this after breakfast," said Leta, trying, but vainly, to quiet her irascible parent. "Don't say anything about it, will you?" she went on, with ardor. "Let me arrange things. Be quiet, won't you, dear?"

"If the Van Alstyne's and their friends behave in this way, I'm glad they won't know me!" said he angrily. "She shall not stay here. I'll not have a woman in my house who meets a man of Charley Mitchell's reputation secretly!"

"Now, you keep quiet," said Leta, striving to subdue the storm she herself had evoked. "Let me manage things. Leave it to your own little Leta. Forget that Puritan conscience of yours——"

"It's my most precious possession," he interrupted grimly.

"But you won't say anything about it, will you, Daddy?" she

said coaxingly. "Just inform Mrs. Haselton that she made a mistake. Her eyesight proved defective—you can say that."

"I shall tell her she was mistaken, that will be sufficient," he answered, with annoyed importance.

But, once beyond the stern gaze of his daughter, he forgot her request, and related the truth—or what he believed to be the truth—to Mrs. Haselton. That lady, thus balked of her hoped-for revenge on Leta, immediately embraced the opportunity to revile Mollie. It was quite immaterial to Mrs. Haselton which of the two girls she succeeded in effacing from her host's good books. Of course she would have preferred to hurl Leta from the pedestal she occupied in her father's heart, but she trusted that the rope of time would effectually hang that young person, once they were rid of the scapegoat Mollie, whom Mrs. Haselton was very well aware that Mr. Mitchell did not come to meet. She knew Leta had lied, and she wondered how Mollie would rest under the burden laid upon her by her friend.

Mrs. Arbuthnot was in her dressing-gown, her hair hanging down, when Leta bounced in—a dishevelled Leta, her eyes full of tears, her hands trembling.

"Mollie, will you help me? Will you lie for me if it is necessary?"

"But surely it is n't necessary," said Mrs. Arbuthnot, smiling. "I hate lies—they require such an awful lot of explaining. It's much easier to tell the truth, really. But what's the matter? Has a former adorer turned up? Has Jack been asking inconvenient questions?"

"Don't joke!"—Leta's voice was sharp, shrill. "I can't bear it. Everything's the matter. You must back me up—you've got to. I'll be ruined if you don't."

"Then tell me what it is. How can I help you if you just keep on talking of ruin?"

"I told Daddy just now that you were out this morning with Charley Mitchell!"

"That was tactless of you"—Mollie's voice was provokingly calm—"seeing that I am not dressed. I was n't with Mr. Mitchell, and I have no intention of letting your father think I was. Why, I'd as soon think of going to meet a—a crocodile!"

"Mollie," Leta said in a tone of such dire anguish that the other woman was alarmed, "you must say—only *say*, mind you—that you were with him, if Daddy asks you. That Haselton cat got up early, and saw him out there, and she rushed out to Daddy and told him. He tore forth and found us gone——"

"Us!" said Mollie.

"Yes"—with impatience—"I was there, of course. Then the virtuous parent tears back to the house to accuse his daughter of perfidy, but he finds her in a night-dress, with a dressing-gown flung

over her shoulders, and her feet bare. He, of course, never thought I could wear a night-dress over my shirt-waist and other clothing. I just had time—I providentially saw her looking out—to climb in the window, pull off my shoes and stockings, and thus produce my alibi, when papa began a cannonade on my door.”

“You!” said Mollie. “What on earth were you doing out there with that Mitchell man? Don’t mix yourself up in his affairs, Leta. He’s just a beast.”

“I *am* mixed up in his affairs. Oh!”—with fretful petulance—“don’t stare at me! You freeze me when you look at me like that. I’m sorry enough, though not in the way you think. But this is no time to talk of that. Mrs. Haselton will insist that it was I she saw, and she may make them—Daddy and Jack—believe it. You’ve got to save me, Mollie! Listen!”—she spoke solemnly. “The old cat was right. I was out there with Charley Mitchell. We used to meet at night, but gave it up, because it was too dangerous; so we’ve met every morning at about four for some time. He was late this morning, however—he overslept himself—and Mrs. Haselton caught us. Now do you see why you’ve got to back me up?”

“You can’t care for that man!” Even to Leta, Mrs. Arbuthnot felt that she could not tell all she had heard concerning Charley Mitchell.

“I do care for him, Mollie. I love him. But that has nothing to do with it now.”

Mollie finished her toilet and went down to breakfast. She tried to assure herself that, being innocent, she did n’t care what Mr. Harriott said or thought; but she did care. Suppose the scandal should reach the ears of Billie Keane? He might believe it—might believe that she, Mollie Arbuthnot, had gone out at an unearthly hour in the morning to meet a man whose reputation was, to say the least, unsavory.

But she greeted the party with perfect calmness. Mr. Harriott found himself answering her general “Good morning.” After breakfast, Leta, who had remained in her room, sent a maid to request Mollie to come to her at once.

Mollie merely smiled when, as she was leaving to answer Miss Harriott’s summons, Mr. Keane said to her:

“There’s trouble brewing. Our host is unsettled. One would think he was carrying dynamite around in his pockets. He has been on the verge of an explosion all the morning.”

Mollie found Leta in a state of great agitation. She had been crying, and she looked plaintive, pitiful.

“Well,” said she impatiently, “what have you decided, Mollie? Are you going to ruin me? If you tell, I’m done for, forever. Are you going to let Daddy belong to Mrs. Haselton? She’ll marry him if

## The Plague of a Heart

she can, and make him miserable. Of course she'd get him to disinherit me. Are you going to let Jack throw me over? He will, you know. For Daddy will think it his duty to tell him."

"Why don't *you* tell him?" Mollie wanted to know. "I would if I were you."

Leta shrieked. "Tell him! I'd sooner drown myself! Mollie, Mollie, just hold your tongue. Mr. Mitchell is n't here now. He—he did n't make love to me. You're thinking of his wife, I know. But he needed money, and I lent him two thousand dollars. He thinks of going to Brazil."

"To Brazil? Leta, you're an idiot! He'll go to New York, more like, and there he'll blackmail you. You gave him a check, did n't you?" Leta nodded. "I thought so. And you've written him letters that would incriminate a cardinal, if he had written them to Charley Mitchell. The future duchess in the hands of a man of that kind! It's a pleasant prospect, truly."

"I've not written him many letters."

"One will be enough," said Mollie.

"You wrong him. He is not——"

But Mollie interrupted her. "Was he here that night when you told me it was Jack?"

"Yes." Leta was desperate enough to be truthful.

Mrs. Arbuthnot had nothing further to say. She wondered if Mr. Harriott believed his daughter's statement, wondered if Billie Keane knew—now.

"When you got so annoyed and lectured me," remarked Leta, "I thought up a way to circumvent you. I believed that the dawn would be the safest time, and so it would have been if he had n't been late that morning. Thank Heaven I had Mrs. Haselton's window barred, or she would have been out before I could have gotten away!"

"What is to be done now?" demanded Mrs. Arbuthnot. She was angry—angrier than she had ever been before in her life. Up till now she had never been brought in contact with people who conducted affairs of this sort, and it was all most objectionable to her.

"You see now why you must back me up, must save me, don't you?" begged Leta.

"You mean that you want me to tell your father, if he asks me, that I was out with Mr. Mitchell this morning?"

"Yes"—with calm audacity. "That little lie won't hurt you. Daddy promised me he would n't tell any one. No one else will know. But, like all good women, you want to be *thought* good." Leta's voice was bitter. "If you tell the truth, you'll just ruin everything for me! My life, my future, my—everything! And all because you are not willing to allow one man to think you anything but immaculate!"



Mollie grasped Miss Harriott's hand with vehemence. "How do I know he will ask me?"

"Don't—you've hurt me! You've made my wrist all black and blue!"

"I beg your pardon"—Mrs. Arbuthnot spoke somewhat coldly. "Leta, do you mean to tell every one—this?"

"No; only Daddy and Jack."

"Well, then"—Mollie's voice was so low that Leta could hardly hear her—"I suppose you must. I'll pack to-day, and be off to-morrow morning."

"I suppose you think me a hateful coward," protested Leta, whose tears were abating. "But it really won't hurt you, and otherwise it would ruin me. Remember papa's pride in his Puritan ancestors! It would kill him to think that——"

"Oh, I quite understand," said Mollie coldly. "I must go away at once."

"And leave me here alone?" shrieked Leta. "You must n't! He—he might come back!"

"Well, then, you'll negotiate things alone if he does," answered Mollie crisply. Leta's childish behavior made her furious. "I'll hold my tongue, but I want you to promise, *promise*, that you will never have anything more to do with Charley Mitchell—never write to him, never see him. Will you promise?"

"Yes, yes, I'll promise," said Leta. "Anything you like, Mollie. Come in!"—as a knock announced that some one was at the door.

It was one of the maids, who bore the message that Mr. Harriott would be much obliged if Mrs. Arbuthnot would go to him in his studio.

"And yesterday," said Mollie, when the servant had departed, "Mr. Harriott would have been much honored if Mrs. Arbuthnot had deigned to receive him in her sitting-room! You've given me your promise, Leta?"

"Yes, but do be careful. I wish I could come with you. You dear, dear Mollie! You're the best friend a girl ever had! Don't betray me."

"Don't worry." (Leta shivered; Mrs. Arbuthnot's cold contempt hurt even her.) "I'll lie for you now. But I can't see that you have left me much choice."

Mr. Harriott rose when Mollie entered. She had no air of a guilty person coming to crave pardon. He gave her a chair.

"Will you explain this morning, Mrs. Arbuthnot?" he asked.

"I cannot," said she.

"If you could only tell me why you met him——" he went on.

"I fail to see that it concerns you," she said haughtily.

He hesitated; then, "You did go?" he asked.

"Leta told you so, did n't she?" Mollie answered, with aggravating coolness.

"Will you marry me now?" he blurted out. "I asked you once before, and you were not very gracious. Now I ask you again. Marry me, and we will forget this, and go to Europe."

"I could n't, Mr. Harriott"—she shook her head. "I told you so before. I don't love you, and I can't marry you."

"Well, then," he blustered, "I must request you to leave my house as soon as possible."

"Nothing could induce me to remain," said she. "I came to tell you so."

In spite of his prejudices, Mr. Harriott found himself admiring her, and he regretted her refusal. No social height would be unscaled if he had her for his wife.

"I could n't have things said——" he began uncertainly.

"Quite so," she assented, interrupting him ruthlessly. Then she laughed softly. It was so odd that any one could say things of that sort about her. The laughter died away as the door opened, and Mr. Keane—a pale, angry-eyed, not debonair Billie Keane—presented himself, without an apology for the intrusion.

"Why did you tell Mrs. Haselton that Mrs. Arbuthnot had been caught—*caught*," he repeated, with anger—"meeting Charley Mitchell?" His tone, though quiet, boded no good for Mr. Harriott.

"I'm going," said Mollie hastily, before Mr. Harriott could frame a reply.

"So am I—to MacDonald's this morning," said Billie Keane. "And, Mrs. Arbuthnot, I shall be glad to have the pleasure of escorting you to New York to-morrow."

Mollie was disturbed, but glad—Heaven, only, knew how glad. "Thank you, but I can't travel with you," she said. "You see, I can't afford to go in the Pullman. But if you're just on the train with me, that will do."

"I certainly shall not go in the Pullman without you," he answered. "I'll meet you at the station at half after eleven." Then he opened the door for her. "Now, if you will kindly leave us, I have a few words to say to Mr. Harriott. You may rely on me not to allow this vile calumny to be spread by this man or any of his guests."

What Mr. Keane said to his host no outsider ever knew. Mr. Harriott was silent and distraught for the remainder of the day. He began to fear that he had acted unwisely.

Mrs. Arbuthnot conducted herself just as usual during the whole of that—to Leta—interminable and detestable day. Miss Harriott was glad that her friend was going. She could not feel secure while Mollie remained at Pride's Crossing.

The only really happy person there was Mollie. Billie Keane had said that he did not believe that lie; he had—— Why, Mollie would have given away her most precious possession in exchange for the remembrance of Billie Keane's looks and words.

## IX.

THE long hours of the hot day dragged interminably.

Mr. Keane sat alone in the smoking-room of the private car which a peremptory telegram had summoned to take Mollie and him to New York. Every comfort that money could secure he had provided for her, but he would not annoy her by his presence. He unselfishly effaced himself.

He had admired the girl more than ever when she arrived at French Village station, accompanied by a fussing, self-reproachful Mr. Harriott. The latter felt almost faint when he reflected on the detestable truth: that he had practically turned a Van Alstyne out of his house. And for what? He had an uneasy impression that some one had made a fool of him. He strongly suspected that he had not heard the whole truth about that Charley Mitchell matter. He decided that he had better go to see his doctor in the near future. It was quite evident that he had something the matter with him—probably an enlarged liver. Nothing else could have so altered his usually cheerful and rational point of view. He felt sure that his health was seriously undermined.

When Mrs. Arbuthnot said good-by to Leta, she did not refer to the incident of Mr. Mitchell. Miss Harriott's self-reproaches and ardent thanks grated on her friend's sensibilities. She felt an almost uncontrollable impatience when Leta began to excuse herself, to try to palliate all the circumstances. Mollie managed to bear with apparent calmness the long drive in the automobile, with Mr. Harriott remorseful, Mrs. Haselton sneeringly triumphant, and Leta sometimes fitfully gay, sometimes morosely silent. None of these things made any impression on the scapegoat's mind, except one of boredom. None of these people mattered just then to Mollie Arbuthnot. Keane had said he believed in her; the world had turned bright with the joy of living.

When she parted from Leta at the station, the girl expressed a perfunctory hope that they might meet in New York.

"Tell the truth, Leta," said Mollie, with a little icy laugh: "you never want to see me again."

When the train came in, Mr. Keane gave her a hand to help her up the steps of the car.

"But I'm going in the ordinary day coach," said Mollie.

"Oh, no, you're not," laughed he; "you are coming with me, in

this. I'm a director of this road, you know. I telegraphed for this car for your especial benefit."

She made no protest, she did not argue; she settled herself with books and papers in a corner and shut her eyes. She was strangely exhausted. She had drawn on her courage for too long not to feel weary.

Keane spent a few moments with her, fussing about. He said he admired her pluck; she was so brave, so unselfish.

"Do you think I don't know what you have done?" he asked. "You mustn't let it go too far. If Harriott—or that woman—talks, you will have to tell."

"Tell!" cried the girl. "No, I can't tell. I promised not to."

"It's wonderful how a man of Mr. Harriott's type is influenced by a woman like Mrs. Haselton," said Mr. Keane easily; but she did not make any answer to his remark.

Though they lunched and dined together, they both felt that there was something horrible, menacing, portentous, separating them. Mollie shivered, though the day was warm. And an awful, intangible bar lay on Billie Keane's soul. He felt as though there was a hand of ice clutching his heart.

Keane realized that his way and Mollie's were as separate and distinct as fire and water. He loved her and wanted her for his wife, but he had vowed to serve her as faithfully as ever knight served fair lady, without any hope of reward. He was quite firmly convinced that she loved Jim Gordon. Well, he meant to play the fairy godfather, and bring Jim Gordon to her. He also intended to see her through any trouble which might arise through Mrs. Haselton's fondness for gossip. It was more than a woman of her temperament could resist, he well knew, this chance of relating all the scandal about the popular—and what a woman of Mrs. Haselton's class would call prudish—Mrs. Arbuthnot. The theme was one which would surely delight Mrs. Haselton.

As the train jerked and groaned onward, Mollie rather ruefully contemplated her future. Only pride kept her from weeping. But she was never a coward, and she faced her thoughts as determinedly as she had faced Mr. Harriott. There was good stuff in Mrs. Arbuthnot—better even than Keane knew. She realized that Mr. Keane had merely championed her cause as he would have championed that of any woman under the circumstances. She told herself that she could make no plans until she had heard from Miss Van Alstyne. Mollie had asked no help from that lady—only a little advice as to her future course.

They arrived in New York early in the morning. Keane found her a carriage, pressed her hand with kindly preoccupation—no doubt induced by his engagements and business interests—and hurried away.

It was hotter than anything she could ever remember, but then to Mollie the climate of New York in July had been as unknown as that of the North Pole. The horses crawled along like weary flies; the streets were deserted except by the obliged-to-remain brigade, to which she now belonged.

Her flat was cool—at least, it was cooler than the street. The man in the elevator was plainly surprised to see her. No wonder—it was too hot for any one—any one of the class to which Mrs. Arbuthnot seemed to him to belong—to be in town. They brought her up her mail, which contained a letter from her great-aunt. Mollie read it and reread it. She was appalled! She was beginning to realize the price she would have to pay for the lie she had told. This was the epistle:

MY DEAR MOLLIE:

It is all very fine for you to come to me for advice after you have got yourself into such a scrape with that Mitchell man. Mrs. Haselton wrote the particulars to Mrs. Dunlop, and she told your cousin Mary, with whom I am staying. I think you had better get out of the fiasco in your own way. I don't feel at all inclined to bother—now. You have been very foolish. The only thing you can do is to live it down somehow.

I am sorry to hear about that trustee of yours. I never did approve of your marriage with Mr. Arbuthnot, as you know. Death-bed marriages are too much like death-bed repentances; not much good. You ought to marry now—any one. You were very stupid to go to those people, in the first place, and still more so to mix yourself up in their affairs. Mrs. Haselton is a dreadful person. How could you stay in the same house with her? I told you so.

Your affectionate aunt,

AGATHA VAN ALYSTYNE.

P. S. Please do not make the ridiculous statement about being a housemaid. You can surely find something better than that to do.

Mollie tore the letter up into infinitesimal pieces and stamped on them. She could n't resist this ebullition of passion; but she laughed at herself later for having given way to it.

"Gravity would be more becoming to me, I suppose," she said to herself. "It is so like Aunt Agatha to abuse Mrs. Haselton, and yet to believe what she says!"

Her cheerful mood did not last long. Pessimism swamped her smiles. Yielding to a sudden impulse, she arrayed herself in the old blue muslin gown and put on the blue hat. How nice they looked! Just for one afternoon she would let her thoughts wander back. Hard work is the best producer of oblivion, and in search of that she vowed to go the next day.

Alarmed by the quick ringing of the electric bell, she ran to open

the door. When she got there she was as surprised to see her visitors—Billie Keane and Mr. Gordon—as were they at the appearance of the girl, clad as she was.

"Come in!" she said gayly, not in the least showing how ardently she wished she was not wearing that dress and that hat. She undid the strings and threw aside the offending headgear, despite Mr. Keane's protest.

"Where have you been all this time, Mr. Gordon?" asked Mollie.

"Working," he answered. "Regularly submerged in work. I'm making money."

"How splendid!" she said cheerfully. "But why have n't you been to see me?"

"I don't exactly belong to the butterflies," explained Gordon. "Besides, I am going to be married next month."

Billie Keane jumped up and placed himself between Mollie and the future bridegroom. Gordon should n't be allowed to see her face. "Why did n't you tell me?" he demanded hotly. "Do you think I would have bothered to bring you to call on Mrs. Arbuthnot, if I had known I was escorting a lovesick bridegroom?"

"Do you fear the laceration of my heart, that you are acting as a screen for my countenance?" laughed Mollie. It never occurred to her that that was precisely what he did fear. "Sit down, Mr. Keane. Let me look at him. How dare you scold him? This converted bachelor needs kind and gentle encouragement."

"What a lot of courage she has!" thought Billie Keane. "She's really prostrate with grief, her heart's broken—why, she must have put on that old dress just to remind herself of those days—and yet she can laugh!"

"Can't you both dine with me to-night?" asked Jim. "She's away, you know. I only see her on Sundays now."

"I will, if Mrs. Arbuthnot agrees to come too, so as to protect me from your rhapsodies," said Keane hurriedly. "I won't face an evening alone with you let loose on the subject of a blissful future." Anything was better than to leave her to dine alone after this, thought he.

"Of course I'll come," Mollie said. "It's unconventional, but—yes, I'll come."

"It is seven now, and I am hungry," said Jim.

"I'll be ready in a few moments," she said. "I could n't wear this old thing, you know."

"How gay she is at the mere sight of him!" pondered Keane wearily, after she had left them. "I'm glad, old chap, that I rooted you out," he said aloud. "This matrimonial business of yours has somewhat disappointed me, I confess; but still——"



He stopped, for Mollie had returned to pick up her hat.

"You're looking very sweet in that frock," said Billie Keane. "Just as nice as you did at the camp that summer."

"You never thought that I—Mollie—looked nice," said she.

Keane gasped at this bold declaration. What did she mean? "Yes, I did," he said blankly.

"Hurry up," said Jim callously. "I'm hungry—breakfasted at seven."

Mr. Keane could have thrown his newly discovered friend out of the window with calm satisfaction.

The dinner, at a quiet little restaurant, was a great success. It was nine before it was over. Then, after a few words with Jim Gordon, whose wedding Mollie promised to attend, Mr. Keane assisted Mrs. Arbuthnot into a hansom, got in himself, and told the driver where to go.

"We're going for a drive," Keane said quietly to Mollie, as if it were a habit of his to do so between nine and ten o'clock on a summer evening.

"It's getting cooler," she announced quietly. Her gayety had deserted her with her last glimpse of Gordon.

"Yes," he said. Then there was silence.

"I'm going to make a fool of myself," said Keane finally.

"Oh, don't!" laughed his companion. "I'll take it for granted that you know how. It will save you so much trouble."

"See here," he retorted. "I can't say it any other way—you won't give me a chance to talk to you. I love you. I've loved you ever since that summer in camp."

"Ever since I refused you!" said she scornfully.

"Before you refused me," he corrected, with sturdy insistence. "Why, Mollie, I told you so. I love you—there—and I mean to marry you, whether you like it or not."

"You make me the same offer you did then?"—she spoke sharply.

"Yes; why not?"—bewildered.

"To settle twenty-five thousand dollars on me, and——"

"Yes, if you like," he said stiffly. "You want the money, of course, but——"

"Well, I don't, then," she answered crossly. "But that was what you said, and I say again: 'No!'"

The kind dark enveloped them. He put his arm about the girl's waist. "Tell me," he said commandingly: "do you care anything at all about me?"

"That letter," objected she. "You loved me? You never said so."

"I did say it in my letter," he asserted doggedly.

"I've kept it," she answered coolly. "I know it by heart, any-

how. You said: 'After the talk we had on the subject, you cannot be surprised to hear that I do not pretend to have any affection for you.'

"Good heavens! that was n't what I said," he interrupted her.

"Yes, it was. I can show you your letter. There is more: 'I fancy you won't mind that,'" she went on quoting calmly; "'for I will settle twenty-five thousand dollars on you when we marry, and you can do as you like with it. Let me have an answer as soon as possible, as I wish to have everything arranged at once.'"

"Stop!" he cried. "It's a hideous nightmare! Do you mean to tell me that was in the letter you got?"

"Yes," Mollie said.

"I see it all now," he replied. "I sent you a letter I meant for Muriel, my half-sister. She and I—perhaps you've heard—never hit it off, and she knew—of you. She wrote to reproach me because I had n't settled any money on her—she was totally dependent on me. I wrote her that letter in answer to hers—she had said things that were rather brutal. Then she telegraphed me that she was coming on. I thought I had destroyed the letter, but I must have torn up yours by mistake. Mollie, can't you forgive me?"

"You offered me money. It was just after my father's death, and I was poor, but—not for sale!"

"Good heavens, no!" he answered, quite appalled by this awful suggestion. He had spent an illuminating evening, on the whole. She did n't care for Jim Gordon, putting aside the fact of Jim's engagement to another girl. Mollie Arbuthnot was plainly not suffering from a broken heart on his account. Mr. Keane determined to get at the truth of things—to win everything or lose all. "Can you forgive me?" he asked humbly.

"Why did you bring Mr. Gordon to see me?" demanded Mollie.

"Because—don't be angry—because I thought you cared for him. You acted so strangely whenever I mentioned him to you—you seemed so embarrassed. I misunderstood you. I know it now."

"Then he had n't told you? I feared once or twice that——"

"Told me what?" inquired Keane eagerly.

"He knew—that summer in camp—that I loved you," she said quietly. "He found it out, being," she added airily, "temporarily afflicted that way himself about me. He has quite recovered from it, however. We laughed about it to-night."

"You said Jim knew that you loved me *then*," he said. "Is it all past and gone, Mollie? Is there no trace of the old feeling still?"

She wrenched herself away from his arm, and said: "Aunt Agatha refuses to have anything more to do with me. She has heard Mrs. Haselton's story."

"So that woman has talked, has she?" he said, in a tone that boded ill for "that woman." "I don't care if your aunt has heard fifty Haselton stories."

"People will believe it—they'll say you married me out of pity."

"I am so miserable, you might marry *me* out of pity," he retorted. "Do you love me, Mollie?"

"How can I say whether I do or not?" said she. "You see, things are——"

For once wise, Billie Keane took her face between his hands and whispered: "Don't say it. If you let me kiss you, I'll know." And there in the dim starlight of the summer night he kissed her lips. "Now you're mine!"—he spoke with triumph. "Oh, what a horrible dance you've led me! But I've got you, Mollie—I've got all my world here now."



## THE JUNGFRAU

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

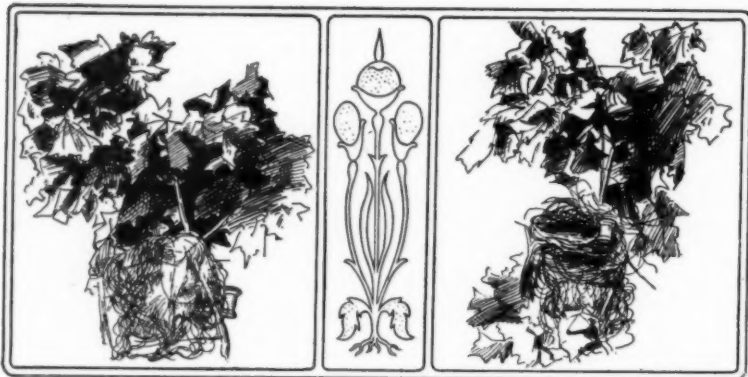
**I**T is the hour when yon stern height  
Puts on her bridal grace,  
The hour when day's departing light  
Steals to her lonely face,

And touches every rugged line  
With such ethereal gleam,  
The crystal mountain stands divine,  
A maiden in her dream.

White, white, as white as seabird's breast  
That flies against the foam;  
Yet still her love is unconfessed,  
The wistful Sun sails home;

But when at last his golden boat  
Hath faded on the dim  
Mysterious purple seas remote,  
Her blush remembers him,—

Blush that betrays her wonted mood  
Of cold, ungentle snows,  
The secret heart of maidenhood.  
A pure, impassioned rose.



## THE FIFTH SUMMER OF OUR KENTUCKY CARDINAL

BY JENNIE BROOKS

Now at last the day begins  
In the east a'breaking;  
In the hedges and the whins  
Sleeping birds are waking.

THE first birds to announce the opening of a new day, summer after summer, were invariably our rare cardinals. When dawn trembled between dark and gray, and trees and birds were scarcely distinguishable, sweet awakening calls fluted from the tree-tops. "Whoo-oo-oo!" the male begins very softly, very sleepily, very slowly, as if taking a long breath, stretching himself, and wondering if it can possibly be time to wake up! A moment's silence and he tries it over again. "Whee-u!" Two notes this time in sighing tones. Another rest (probably napping) and back he goes to the first note: "Whoo! Whoo!"—a trifle louder now, as if he were trying his voice and was hardly yet awake or his throat clear enough to sing. It is very like human folk begin the day, with a stretch and a yawn and a general rallying of forces that will enable them, also, to start it in cheerful fashion. "Whee-u! Whee-u! Whee-u!" Now he has gotten as far as three notes, and all around him are little birds waking up and answering in joyous twitterings. The robin seems the first to respond, and in a drowsy tone that tells its

## The Fifth Summer of Our Kentucky Cardinal 735

own story, that he can scarcely believe the short night is over, and while he is civil enough to answer the cardinal's call, he is yet inclined to grumble at this early bird. Other birds instantly follow the robin's chirp, and, cheered by the chorus he has called into voice, louder and louder rings the cardinal's song. "Whee-u! Whee-u! Whee-u!" he emphasizes with astonishing rapidity six, eight, ten times, even *twenty* (for I count), then adds an admonitory "chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck!" in a lower key. Throwing his voice back to the high-notes, he pours them out so fast that the music holds an undercurrent of trills rippling between the louder tones of his song.



We *heard* them in the maple trees that fifth summer, it is true, but content we must be with the lilt of their song and the flash of their wings in the early spring days, for, again with reason, the *first* nest was made under the eaves of my neighbor's tiny back porch, and our intimacy with them—*my* intimacy—seemed at an end. But a little patience, only, was necessary, and all things righted themselves, and the fifth summer wherein my persevering cardinal made her *eighth* and *ninth* nests of thread held as much of interest as had the preceding summers.

Also, I hasten to state in their defense that it was no fickleness of mind that sent them a-home-making in strange places. It was neglect of their wants and their ways—but not by me or mine! In the fall of the year, following their fourth summer, the big, white, vine-embowered house was leased—leased to a bird-man, who, deep in the study of bird-books, bethought himself not at all of the friendly little feathered folk slipping about beneath the leaves, waiting only an encouraging crumb or piece of suet to woo the heart out of him with their pretty ways.

Old Dave's ("King David's") comment was justified. It was this. When I told him the place was rented he gave no thought to what might befall the property, but emphatically groaned:

"Um-um! Yaas-um! I bet dey don' tek no such keer o' de buhds as yo' all and yo' all's mutheh done!"



At Christmas-time, the snowy days of Yuletide, I went down to the lonely old house, for the renters were off a-merry-making!

The half-shell of cocoanut swung empty in the bleak wind. No Christmas cheer for winter birds, so I cracked and pounded my fingers and the nuts I had brought with me for old sakes' sake, and the feast

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was prepared. An investigation the day following showed guests had been at the board. The shell was empty! But between Christmas holly and the lilacs stretches a long gray gap, and when, in the greening days of spring, I came into my own again, the garden was desolate without the chattering gossip of nests a-making.

April, with her shadows and her shinations, went swiftly by, trailing in her foamy wake a very warm and rosy May that, with languid touch, brought summer flowers into swiftest bloom, and—who knows?—in the home-loving heart of that cardinal stirring into life certain vagrant memories of days and years gone by!

In any case, back she came, to the garden, to me, mayhap with thought of the white-capped "friend of all the birds," so many years familiar in the window-seat.

Into the Virginia-creeper one morning swung my cardinal as I sat on the porch, and, glimpsing me, showed unmistakable signs of delight and surprise. Such flirts and flutters of importance! Such chirpings—as if to say, "Why, you've got back again!" as she recognized my whistle. I hardly dared think she had come to stay, but it proved true, and great was the rejoicing on all sides, for she had been a tenant much loved.

"King David," black, good, benevolent, who, notwithstanding royalty, cuts my wood, carries water, makes all my paths straight; "Jim," the grocer's boy; the "Coal-oil-man," by whose light we all go to bed; Mary, the once tender care-taker of the Friend who is away—all congratulated themselves on a renewed acquaintance, and a general jubilate was sung.



Promptly she began her *eighth nest of threads* (though the young of the first nest of the summer were but two days out of it), falling into the snare I laid for her without an instant's hesitation, and, to tell you the truth, the male bird, with the utmost assurance, hurriedly brought all the family to my garden for rearing, a wide flower-bed of loose loam yielding more succulent worms than the newly sodded lawn of my neighbor.

If the male would not assist in home-making, he certainly redeemed himself in fostering his offspring, for he "mothered" them assiduously and was oftentimes at his wits' end when, feeding one, the others besieged him starvingly. The female paid no heed to any dilemma he got into, but thriftily wove her nest of cotton thread again in the woodbine, again in the same old place, and whenever the male could elude his charges he would fly into the vines, zig-zagging to the top and peering out at me, an interested student, sounding from time to time a threatening note. Correction was in



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store, but he graciously postponed administering it, giving me one more chance to mend my ways and leave his domestic affairs alone!

The second brood—three birds (of the fifth summer and eighth nest of threads)—was soon following about with the half-grown birds who yet demanded food from the discouraged father, and who with *six* at his heels found no time for morbid introspection as he flew from one to the other, wildly distraught, a typical "old woman who lived in a shoe"!

With industrious haste, the female was eagerly ready for nest number 9! And if ever a bird was enwrapt with her own artistic ideas, she was the one. The use of the thread gave her three times the work, and I hope you quite understand that cardinals are not *weaver-birds*, and have never been known to use thread in their careless nests. I had really begun to wonder if this artistic female made the *third* nest each summer for the purpose of holding a third lot of eggs, or if she conjured up the third batch merely as an excuse for further fussing with those fascinating threads! Again, however, she used a tremendous quantity—one hundred and fifty yards—draping the honeysuckle (for she built again at the end of the veranda) with airy festoons.

To tell you of her further domestic affairs would, perhaps, seem a repetition, but I do assure you it is not. Each nesting-time reveals new traits. It's like a new family moving in! She wove a wondrous fabric—singing, whistling, gay as could be! During incubation she showed the same old confidence. Three youngsters soon appeared, very small, very pink, bringing with them voracious appetites. In early dawn they were awake, and until night darkened down kept the old birds feeding them, with but short intermissions for sleep—the other young ones at last "fending" for themselves.



In the *third* summer, and also in the nest above noted, two serious accidents were barely averted. The male bird, in his eagerness, one day could not brook so much instruction on the part of his careful spouse, and, without giving her his morsel, into a gaping mouth he quickly thrust a worm, and as quickly the bird strangled on it, almost going into spasms as it "stuck." With an angry chirp, the mother bird came to the rescue, and, reaching into the throat of the tiny one, she seized the obstruction firmly, and instantly withdrew it. The male watched her with the silliest air of astonishment, as she masticated the worm and then gave it to another small bird. However, even *she* was liable to blunder, for in the rearing of this last nestful I watched her feeding them one day, when she brought to them a large

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bumble-bee from which she had torn the wings. This clumsy morsel she thrust into a wide open mouth. It was too much for a mouthful. The bill of the tiny bird was held firmly open as if gagged, he could not swallow the bug! He tried and struggled and stood up even, but down it would not go! I went close to see the outcome, crying out, "Well, you've choked him!" But the mother showed little alarm, only intense watchfulness, as her unhappy offspring continued to struggle, and finally with a big and almost expiring gulp down went the bumble-bee, and away went the female for more provender. But in every nestful the father must watch how the thing was done, and, having paid strict attention, was then permitted to do a little feeding on his own account.

To the nest the male would always come in an excited rush, and with such an air of having just the tidbit this time that would answer, but into the mother's mouth it must go, and she, after turning it over two or three times, would thrust it into the gaping mouths of the baby birds—first one and then another. And though the female sat on the edge of the nest awaiting the arrival of the male with his burden of food, and between them were gaping mouths reached blindly up, this well governed husband always, but the once, humbly gave to the mother his provender and store, looking attentively and admiringly into the nest as his better half administered the food according to *her* light as to how children should be nourished.

Neither was milord allowed to give them to drink. The female invariably visited the yellow crock we kept filled with water in the shadow of the leaves just below the nest, and it was a thing he greatly desired to do, watching the mother-bird wistfully as she flew back and forth, satisfying the thirsty throats!



These birds also were soon soon ready for flight, and their actions and preparations were most interesting and beautiful. All day long from early morning the little birds were stirring about, always crowding, pushing each other, and hopping up onto the edge of the nest by turns, and "elbowing" their way back into the over-full nest. The nest proper (without counting the thread) was extremely small this last time, and the birds looked far too little to be going about by themselves. The two parent birds kept close watch all day, one of them ever hanging over the nest, not one moment leaving it alone; one sitting on a twig close by, until at two o'clock in the afternoon the first flight was made, not, however, until the small fledgling had long sat on the nest's edge preening his feathers, looking about him and stretching himself, and trying each leg, to see if it were strong enough to

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stand on. Much time also was given to preparing themselves, oiling the tiny feathers, picking at the small wings, and spreading them to their fullest extent.

It was a funny sight, this making of a toilet to appear in the world, and instinct was strong when it taught them what would be needed, and I am sure the plentiful supply of oil used on their feathers saved the lives of the owners that night. Out, then, hopped the first and strongest of the birds. Hurrah for this green old world!—tho' a fellow may be a trifle tottery about the legs! How he blinked, and clutched, and hopped uncertainly from wire to wire, until he had threaded his way to the top of the piazza (the nest had been within reach). Followed him the second, also balancing himself on the slender wires and climbing up and up, a little round bunch of down, among the vines. Two were safely away when the last and tiniest one essayed the trip. Repeatedly he climbed out of the nest and toppled back. He was too little, his feathers too few, and he was very weak, but he was full of pluck. Finally he managed to cling to the edge of the nest. Then after a long rest, and a dazed look about him, he hopped into a flowering branch of honeysuckle. This was fine, much pleasanter than that stifling old nest; but, my stars! how shaky his legs were! He teetered back and forth, trying wildly to hold his balance, but generally toppled entirely over, on the *outside* this time, catching himself, in his fall, on a lower twig, and then hurrying back into the nest again, to settle down in great apparent comfort—and very glad he was to be safe home. He would rest awhile, then do it all over again. Finally he stayed out for good, and the remainder of the day three diminutive bunches of dove-colored feathers were constantly scurrying up and down the trellis. By dusk two of them had flown across the road into a low green bush of thickly springing young locusts near the campus. The other, the weak one, was sitting safely on a twig close to the nest. After tea he too was gone. As we started out for a stroll, eying askance the black storm clouds overhead, our neighbors called, as we passed, "Here is one of your family running about in the grass." The weakest one of the young red-birds! I captured him, hurrying back home through the rain, much perturbed in mind as to what we should do with this chap. I concluded to put him in the nest, hoping the mother would come to him. In he went, and into the house went I for dry garments. The night grew darker, and the storm wilder, and I continued to worry about the wee one; out I finally went and found that risky young bird out also—out of his nest and sitting there on a twig close to it all alone in the big dark. "Well," said I impatiently, "you will be drowned if I leave you here alone. Over across the road you go into the locust bush. Maybe all your family is there;" and, grasping him, much

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against his will, I plunged through the rain and firmly established the little fellow in a snug place in the close foliage. A wild tempest raged all night, and morning broke to find birds of all kinds drowned by hundreds. In another part of the town, where there was a black-birds' roost, they were blown to the pavement, beaten down by the rain, and in the daylight *shovelled* up and carried away in basketfuls. Robins, sparrows, all flew in wild affright against the doors of houses, and if these doors were opened, dashed in to safe shelter from the storm. What marvellous Providence, then, protected the fledglings?

I had not slept for dread of what might happen to the red-bird babies, and for fear I did not do the right thing, and with the sun's first rays I hurried out to the locust bush, to find it radiant, all green and shining, fresh and fair, and, preening themselves with utmost nonchalance in the warm sun rays, sat three tiny birds—all comfortable and cozy under the softly waving leaves! My heart rose cheerfully up into my throat, and the old birds from the low overhanging branches of the maples exchanged congratulations with me.

All winter the female and her mate came at times to the house, to the window-sills for crumbs, for seed, for suet, for corn-bread, for corn, bringing with them very often the young birds that we had watched throughout the summer and autumn, turning from grays and browns to scarlet and reddish browns, according to their gender. I often wondered what they thought, these youngsters, as they caught their reflections in the glass bowl of water where they daily drank and bathed. Their first acquaintance with themselves was made in soft dove-colored garments. Now each day saw a deeper tint of scarlet on the wings, the long tail feathers also growing scarlet, crests rising on their active little heads, and, positively, they had an outraged air as if they would like to cry out, "Well! what if we *are* undergoing this curious and unaccountable transformation?" and all the time half-scared themselves at what they could n't understand, and, like the little old women whose petticoats were cut off as she slept, they were not quite sure "if I be I." Such a ragged, frowsy-looking fellow as my Lord Cardinal also became when the leaves turned brown and his feathers grew fewer. He even seemed surprised at himself (for he could not miss his reflected vision in the bowl of water) as he hopped about with ragged crest all awry, and feathers impoverished, glaring haughtily at us, as though he dared us to laugh. No more pride in his splendid raiment, no more flaunting of bold colors in the face of modest birds, for he himself had suffered from the haggling of time and domestic affairs.

Instead, he wore the air of an old roué,—reckless, abandoned, ludicrous in the extreme; but as winter waxed old, new feathers replaced his tatters, and, to our joy, he began again to shine resplendent.



## LADY TOMMY

BY OWEN OLIVER

**I**T always annoys me when people and newspapers style me "a self-made millionaire." It is true that I have made a million by my own exertions; but in other respects I do not admit that the title describes me. I am not old, I am not immersed in business, I do not eat peas with a knife, or drop my h's, or boast of my riches; and I would not discredit my dear old father and mother by calling myself anything but a gentleman.

My mother died when I was twenty-one, and my father a few months later. For the next six years I lived on the interest of a few thousand pounds which he left me, and devoted most of my time to athletics. Then I went abroad and knocked about in wild parts for a couple of years shooting big game. On my return I wanted a little excitement of some kind, so I took to speculation, and speculated for four years with the most astonishing luck. My luck culminated in 1906, when I foresaw the general fall of securities a little sooner than most people; and at the end of the year I found myself a millionaire, and very puzzled what to do with my money.

I was still more puzzled what to do with myself, for the years which had made my fortune had robbed me of my friends. My near relatives were all dead, and I had lost touch with nearly all my old acquaintances. So, as I am a man "who loves his fellow men"—and women—I decided to make a fresh circle of acquaintances. Since I had to begin my social life afresh, I thought I might as well do so in high society, with a view to a political career.

That charming but impoverished old gentleman, Lord Aulderton, happened to be a fellow-director on two boards, and seemed to have rather a liking for me; so I asked his advice.

"I'm a bit lonely," I explained, "and I want to know people; and they might as well be good people. I want to get 'into society,' in fact. I suppose some one would launch me—at a price?"

I am afraid I had come to think that "price" governed everything.

"I dare say," he agreed; "but I would n't." I felt rather abashed for the moment; but the good old boy smiled and patted my shoulder. "I'll ask Broadlands to invite you there for Christmas as a friend of mine," he volunteered. "You'll meet plenty of good people there; but understand that I don't do it because you're a millionaire, but because you're a good fellow."

So I went to Broadlands Castle for Christmas. It was a fine old place, and there were a lot of fine "old" people there—including Lord Aulderton and his wife. She was a dear old creature and took a fancy to me and mothered me. She was especially careful to put me on my guard against match-making mothers who were anxious to secure a millionaire for their daughters.

"If a girl does n't want you for yourself," she advised me, "she is n't worth having. So mind you're not caught."

"I shall be caught—if I want to be," I said with a laugh. For I had come to the conclusion that I should like to settle down, and that I should prefer a lady of birth for my fellow-settler. My preference was n't merely snobbishness, or a desire for position. I found real ladies much more interesting to talk to than the ordinary sort, because they talked about things that interested me, instead of things that only interested them.

At the same time I did not want to be married just for my money; and I could not help feeling that the younger ladies and their mothers were more friendly to me than my personal qualifications deserved. In fact, there was no mother, with a daughter to marry, whom I could regard without suspicion; and only one eligible daughter—Lady Wilhelmina Gwendoline Ermytrude Hardery, generally called "Tommy." She was twenty and called herself a sportswoman. Lady Aulderton called her "mannish" and "fast." I did not agree with those terms, but I found her rather alarming. She could shoot and ride and skate and play billiards and use slang better than most men, and she drove a motor-car at forty miles an hour and shaved corners without turning a hair. In appearance she was tall and full-figured and fair, with golden-red hair, and very good-looking in a well-bred, supercilious style.

For the first few days she made a point of ignoring me, evidently considering me a parvenu—and perhaps as one to whom her mother would like to marry her! But my shooting and billiard-playing gradually extorted a little respect from her; and after she had seen me play football she deliberately made friends with me. I had given up



football for some years; but the younger fellows at the Castle were assisting the town in a match against the Royal Dullshires, and I volunteered my services. They looked upon my offer as a joke at first, but they altered their tone after a little practice together. I was, in fact, an old international, so naturally the rest of the players were scarcely of my calibre.

"Tommy" applauded my performance with great vigor; and when I had dressed and was going to walk back to the Castle I found her waiting for me in the motor.

"I've turned Leroyd out," she said, "because I thought your need was greater than his. I say, Mr. Graham, you're rather old for it. But I like your play!"

"And you're rather young!" I retorted. "But I like your impudence!"

"Then you like the leading feature in my character," she rejoined with a laugh. "So let's be friends; and you can call me all the names you like."

"Lady Wilhelmina Gwendoline Ermytrude?" I suggested.

"You may call me Tommy," she offered. "You're old enough to be my father."

So we made friends and I called her Tommy, and played billiards with her before dinner, and ping-pong afterwards; and the next day she taught me to drive the motor (big-game shooting was nothing to it!), and we had five or six dances together in the evening. I found it very pleasant to have a chum again, and caught myself wondering whether it would not be nice to have this wild young creature about my "settlement"; but, on the whole, I decided that my regard for her had better be "paternal." From this standpoint I gave her several lectures, and found that, in strong hands, Tommy was not unmanageable.

Lady Aulderton regarded our friendship with undisguised disapproval, and after a few days she pounced upon me in a corner and administered a caution upon the subject of girls who married for money; though, she said, it was n't the girls' fault, so much as their mothers'.

"Your friend Tommy is a case in point," she observed. "She has a girl's heart—a very warm heart, in spite of her abominable ways. You may be surprised to learn that the 'ways' are a recent growth."

"No," I said; "I think I understand. Tommy is n't supposed to have a heart. So she lets the warmth out in—fireworks!"

"Her people would n't let her marry a poor man. So she is acquiring tastes to amuse her when she marries a rich one—as she certainly will."

"I am obliged for the warning!" I said savagely.

## Lady Tommy

"Well," said Lady Aulderton stoutly, "I *do* mean it for a warning. I should be sorry to see unhappiness come to you—or even to Tommy. You may think me a meddlesome old woman, but I have no son of my own, and——"

"Dear Lady Aulderton," I interrupted, "I think you everything charming."

"A young man should learn to pay compliments," she said grimly, "and I don't mind your practising on an old woman; but I want to be serious. You are new to this sort of thing, and——"

"Oh!" I interrupted. "I think 'this sort of thing' goes on all over the world. I am not quite a guileless youth, Lady Aulderton; but you are very, very kind, and I'll be quite serious since you wish it. Seriously, then, I am not in love with Tommy, and I am quite aware that Tommy is not in love with me, but——"

"Ah-h!" She shook her head. "'But' has done more harm than any word in the language."

"Yes; the point is in the 'but.' *But* I would like to settle down and try the domestic life. It would be a change, you know, and I am fond of changes. I should prefer to marry a lady; and I *like* Tommy, and Tommy likes me. I think—I really think—I could manage the fireworks; and, do you know, I think the fireworks would n't mind being managed. She'd be a bright young thing in a lonely man's house. Seriously, that is how I think about it; and now what do you think, dear lady?"

"I think that you are a cold-blooded, calculating creature!" cried Lady Aulderton. "I hope you will marry Tommy and 'manage' her—poor child!—and be *very unhappy*! And I'm sure *she* will."

Then she swept away and made it plain for some time that I was completely out of her good graces.

The worse of it was that I was n't sure that I wanted to marry Tommy. I liked her very much as a companion, and I did n't want to lose her as such. But I thought that if I had been older, or she had been younger, I should have been satisfied to adopt her as a daughter; and I thought she would have been quite satisfied to be adopted. It was pretty clear that she did not want to marry me; but I feared that, if she did not, I should lose her companionship, and that she would be driven into marriage with some one who would make her very unhappy, and I was quite certain of one thing: that I would do a great deal to secure her happiness.

One day when we were walking by ourselves over the snow I spoke to her upon the subject.

"I say, Tommy," I observed, "I suppose you're going to marry some one some day?"

She nodded.

"And I suppose it will have to be money?"

"Unless you'll be a brick and help me," she said.

I was somewhat taken aback at this, even from Tommy. I suppose I showed my feelings, for she shook me by the arm and laughed.

"I did n't mean *you*," she said. "You vain man! Not but what I'd rather marry you than any one else, if I *had* to marry a millionaire; and if I did I should be jolly nice to you."

"And that would be 'jolly nice' for me," I said with a rather solemn smile. "But you evidently *don't* want to be 'jolly nice' to me; and I'm not sure that I want you to be—in that way. You see, Tommy, I look upon you rather as a big child; a naughty big child, who keeps on using slang after she's promised not to."

"I won't do it any more," she promised. "So you need n't rag me—I mean, reprove me!" She laughed. So did I.

"Well," I said, "I'm 'jolly' fond of you, in some way or other, Tommy; and I'll do my best to 'be a brick' to you. What do you want me to do?"

She took hold of my arm.

"I want them to take me home," she explained. "*Some one* is staying near there; and if I told him why I refused him I expect he'd run away with me. Do you see?"

"That would n't give me any great pleasure," I observed. "Still, as *you* appear to like the idea—and, upon my word, it's better than marrying a man you don't like—I'll do what I can to assist in your wickedness. But I don't see how I am to make them take you home?"

"First," she explained, "you must take a frightful—I mean a great—lot of notice of me."

"Don't I?" I inquired.

"I mean, you must do it seriously, not in a chaffy, elder-brother sort of way, like you do."

"Make love to you, in fact?"

"Yes. Will you? Pretend to, I mean, of course."

"All right. Am I to propose? Or pretend to propose?"

"No; but you must make them think you're going to."

"Very well. Mind I don't end by doing it!"

"You'd better not!" She laughed. "I might end by accepting you. Do you know I'm frightfully—I mean exceedingly—fond of you in a chummy—I mean a friendly—way? Honest Injun! Oh, dear! I can't help slang. I mean—you know what I mean, brother Freddie. I *am*!"

"And I am exceedingly fond of you, Tommy," I assured her—"fond enough to want you to have the man of your choice. Well? I'm to make them think I'm going to propose to you—and what then?"

"Then, when they think it's just coming off, you can say that you've lost all your money."

"Umph!" I said. "That would place me in rather an awkward position afterwards, Tommy."

"Then I'll do it. I'll tell mother that you've told me in confidence; and then she'll rush me off home like a shot."

"Umph! And then you'll run away—and repent at leisure—and blame it all on me."

"I'm not mean," she declared indignantly, "and—you won't have to repent for me!"

"No-o," I agreed. "Is he poor, Tommy?"

She nodded.

"Well, I'll do it—on one condition."

"I'll agree to it," she declared promptly. "You won't make any condition that is n't right."

"You promise?"

"Yes, I promise; and there is n't another person in the world whom I would promise blindfolded; not even *him*. So there, brother Freddie."

"Thank you, my dear. The condition is that you will let me help you both."

"Oh! But——"

"But I deserve a little compensation," I stated. "You see, I'm losing a very dear chum, Tommy; and if you believe in your brother you must let him behave like one."

She drew a deep breath.

"If we accept help from any one," she said, "it shall be you. Mr. Graham?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"I suppose—you're not—not—sacrificing yourself?"

"You mean—— Well, I know what you mean; but it does n't come into the question."

"But you've got to answer it," she declared; "and you're on your honor, brother Freddie."

I pulled my mustache thoughtfully.

"I think, Tommy," I said, "my affection for you was 'paternal'—but it *might* have slipped over the border line some day. It won't now; and I should n't wish it to, considering that you prefer some one else. So now it's settled."

"Yes," said Tommy; "but—you'll never know what a lot I think of you. I—I *will* give up slang and being horrid."

"You are never 'horrid,' Tommy," I said; "and now you're going to be delightful."

She was; and I knew that night that my liking for her *had* slipped over the border line! I believe it had always been on the non-paternal

side, but I did not know until too late. If I had n't been such a blind fool, I told myself bitterly, I might have gone on a different line and won pretty, wild Tommy. Anyhow, I decided, I had n't taken my opportunity; and she loved another man; and he might easily be a better one. So she should have my help to get him; and they should both have my help afterwards.

For the next few days Tommy and I were inseparable; and she grew quite a different girl—sweet and gentle and almost diffident; and when we were alone she opened her mind to me; and I felt like a traveller who had strayed into some wonderful white temple unaware.

"I like to tell you how I feel about things," she said, "because you have been so kind to me, and I think such an *awful* lot of your opinion; and I want you to remember me kindly for a little while."

"Indeed, Tommy," I said, "I shall; and for a long while." For the rest of my life, I told myself; and it was hard work not to tell her. But I vowed that I never would give her this pain.

Tommy was to have made the communication to her mother on a Tuesday evening; but in the afternoon, when we were motoring, she turned suddenly to me.

"We've had a nice time, have n't we?" she asked. "I shall never have such a chummy time again all my days!"

"Yes, Tommy," I said. "I'm sorry enough that it is coming to an end."

"Really?" she asked. "You're not saying it just out of politeness?"

"Most really," I assured her; and she clapped her hands and laughed.

"Shall we have another day?" she said.

And I snatched at the extra day like the drowning man prolonging his misery by catching at the proverbial straw.

We were very merry together that evening; and every one looked at us and smiled meaningly; and Lady Aulderton whispered to me when she was saying good-night.

"Forget about my warning," she said. "I think I was wrong, and you will both be very happy."

I did not answer. I felt that it was the last ounce on a nearly broken camel! For Tommy had entered into her part very thoroughly; and each pretty smile that she had given me that evening had been like a knife-thrust.

The following day was even worse; for in a moment of cowardly weakness I asked Tommy for one more day; and she granted it readily.

"I shall like it *so* much," she said. I felt like shooting myself that night and swore that it should be the last.

The next afternoon Tommy and I took a long walk together. We were both very quiet; and when we came to the last clump of trees on the way home we stopped with one accord.

"I shan't see you alone again," I said, "so let me say God bless you, Tommy. If ever I said anything with all my heart, it is that, my dear."

Tommy nodded slowly and turned away from me. She put out her hand to me backward, and I took it.

"Oh, *dear* friend!" she said.

"I hope that you will be very, very happy," I told her, "and that things will turn out as you wish. It is a rash step, but—I suppose you are quite sure about loving him, Tommy dear?"

She clasped her hands suddenly.

"Oh!" she said, "I daren't tell you; but I must. I thought I did—but I don't! I don't, I don't, I *don't!*"

And then she leaned up against a tree and sobbed.

"Then," I said, "you—you need n't go!"

"Need n't go?" She clutched at my arm. "You forget that we have—have made them all think——"

"No," I said; "I do not forget. You are sure that you do not love him?"

"Quite sure. I am quite sure *now* that I never did!"

My heart gave a great leap. If Tommy did not love him, why should she not marry me? And in time learn to change her sisterly affection—and even that was sweet—into something better? And how she would brighten the world for me!

"You don't love any one else?" I asked. "Do you?"

She hung her head. No one would have recognized the old Tommy in this shy girl.

"Yes," she said in a faint whisper. It seemed strange that so soft a sound could hurt so much.

"Then," I said with a sigh, "I can do nothing."

"You could n't do anything if I did n't," she said shakily, "could you?"

"I could have asked you to marry me," I told her. "But now—well, I can do something even now; and it's the only way out of the difficulty. You must say that I have asked you, and that you have refused me."

"That I—have refused you?" she repeated, as if she did n't understand. "Oh, Freddie! It—it would n't be true."

"We'll make it true," I said, clenching my hands fiercely. "Will you—marry me?"

Tommy clutched at her dress with both hands and looked at me; and a tear rolled down each cheek.



"Freddie," she said, "it is n't a real 'ask' because—because you don't mean it. I—I want to know—Freddie, *why* do you ask me to marry you? I mean—I mean—I know that you don't mean me to, but—oh, Freddie, I *must* ask you! Freddie, am I wrong in thinking that you are in love with me?"

I clenched my hands tighter than ever; fought myself; and won. Tommy should not sacrifice her happiness for mine, I decided; and she should not even have the pain of knowing that I had wanted her.

"No, dear," I said quietly; "not in that way."

She wiped her eyes steadily and looked at me; and then she took both my hands.

"Freddie," she said in a very soft, grave voice, "I will not risk your happiness. I will do the hardest thing that a woman can do. Freddie, I do not believe you. I believe that you *do* love me. I believe that you only deny it for my sake. I believe that you will always deny it unless I say what will make me feel ashamed of myself all my life. Freddie, I——"

I put my hand over her mouth suddenly.

"Hush, darling," I said. "You shall not do it. I do love you, Tommy—love you so much that I would rather you marry the man you love. You told me that you did, you know."

"The man I love," said Tommy, "is *you*!"

It was five minutes—or perhaps it was ten—or twenty—before I said anything coherently. Then I laughed.

"A week ago you were going to run away with some one else," I remarked.

Tommy looked at me out of the corners of her eyes and curled her lip in her old scornful way.

"You great donkey!" she said. "He was married three months ago! You were so jolly paternal! I'm going to be as slangy as I like now, you know."

"Go on," I cried, "you—angel! Oh! You *are*, Tommy! You shall say just what you like."

"I like—you!" said Lady Tommy.



# THE BIRTH OF IRONY

*By Katharine Holland Brown*

GUND the Cave-man squatted on the rippled sand outside his burrow door, thrust chin propped on hairy paws, and considered. His harsh yellow brows scowled peevishly; his slow beast brain fumbled in witless circles through his labyrinth of discontent. From time to time he glanced in, questioning, at the sleeping figure behind him, stretched limp on its wonderful couch of painted aurochs skin; but the tranquil, moveless shape gave no reply.

It was certainly very puzzling. The sun was far aloft, in a liquid, cloud-pearled sky; slant blue shadows already dipped from the sharp, dazzling peak of the Council Mount, where the reek of the great Sacrifice still lifted, and widened in amethyst translucence across the tiny checkered fields. He shaded his fierce eyes with a mighty palm, and stared up and down the narrow, burnished river-course, that high-road of his tribal world. Not a human creature was in sight; the pale smoke-pennons that, at day-break, had marked each hollowed hearth, had long since dissolved in the still air. The tribe itself had scattered for the day; some to fish in the cold glassy pools among the hills, some to hunt antelope on the slopes that buttressed the Council Mount, while the women and children had gone to their singing labor in the dry, mellow August fields. According to his computation, the day was now half spent. And yet his mate, she who leaped up always with the first morning-gray, she whose laughter awoke him, with the waking of the glad dawn-wind—still she slept on.

She lay serene, lax as a child at rest, her round cheek pressed against the central orange moon of the great painted skin. Prying sunbeams lit gold streaks in her dusk lashes, and wreathed a flickering carcanet of living gold round the straight ivory of her young breast. Her sweep of black hair folded her, bosom to knee; her hands were shut beneath her little chin. He shifted his body, that he might see her more distinctly; that curious pang which leaped and fluttered and thrilled in his heart whenever he looked upon her sprang keen through his pulses again.

She was not one of his own tribe. She belonged to the Painted Ones, that curious breed which had ruled all the valley until that wild night, three harvests gone, when Gund and his clan, grim and re-

astless as the black roaring storm that heralded their coming, had swooped down upon their fortress, and slain their warriors, and driven the panic-stricken horde far beyond the westering sky. Her, their Chief had seized, as she crouched behind a mound of wheat in the grotto cache: with one blow he had struck down her fighting hands, and had thrown her amongst the pile of skins and pottery that he had chosen from the booty for his own. Gund, passing by, laden with glorious loot of fresh-killed antelope hides, had seen her, and had paused to reflect. It was not lawful to snatch that which the Chief had already appropriated. Moreover, it was not wholesome. He who braved the tribe's unwritten law must establish his claims by brute strength; and while Gund's arm was powerful, the Chief, flax-haired, bull-fronted giant, held unchallenged championship of all his men. However, this brown panther thing was worth a few bruises. He gathered her up, regardless of her mad blows, her strangling fingers, and carried her to his own cave. And when the Chief came, all foamed with rage, backed by a lowering mob of followers, he beat and lacerated him to ghastly surrender, before their staring eyes.

He lifted his left arm and looked at it critically. From elbow to wrist it was warped and scarred; the Chief's prestige could cling to that small solace. He winced as he remembered the night of hideous pain that followed the combat, the agony with which he had dragged his bruised limbs about the star-lit fields, searching for healing leaves to bind upon the crushed flesh. His mate had looked on, silent, hostile. She would not touch the corn nor the water that he set painfully near her. When he laid his uninjured hand upon her she flew at him like a vicious cat and bit him savagely; the narrow prints still showed white and deep on his tanned flesh. Yet the next day she had crept nearer, gazing in silence, with dark, furtive eyes, while he, groaning, renewed the bandages. Again she would not approach the food, nor drink. But at nightfall she had slipped away, to creep back, hours after, sidling, watchful, her slight arms laden to breaking with fresh-stripped, fragrant twigs for his bed . . . And afterwards, wearied out past fear, she had fallen asleep, with her dark, wilful head against his knee.

The shattered arm was slow to heal. Nevertheless, he did not begrudge what she had cost. It was curious that this was so; for his mate was of little value; she fell far short of the women of his own tribe, his sisters in clanship, in point of service. Her body was too light and thin for ploughing; her round wrists bent and twisted beneath the slightest burden of wood or grain; she had neither skill nor humor to grind the corn, to crush the grapes; she flung away in impatient scorn from the pottery trough and the coarse withe weaving, where the other women yielded their patient days. She was always a thorn, a bewilderment. To follow her in her winged hopes, her

tempest sorrows, was to follow a flame; to curb her hurtling passions, her mad delights, was to curb the wind.

However, useless as she was, the glory won by seizing her from the Chief was no empty trifle. For while the Chief still ruled by right of blood, Gund, as his proven conqueror, held many ruler's privileges. A first share in every harvest was accorded him; already his cave drifted sweet with balmy redolence of grapes and corn, with breath of spices, and sharp fragrance of new wine. The bark curtain which shielded his cave-way was a tribal gift; the pile of gray polished flints, ranged orderly on their reed mat, was another. And the huge, painted skin on which his mate lay sleeping was yet a stronger proof of his prerogative.

For a year this robe had been hoarded, all but worshipped; supreme treasure of the Tribe itself. It was a miracle of labor; a triumph of their slow groping art. With its dappled silver surface, cured by unknown craft to the pliance of an April twig, the softness of a leaf; its border, fringed by patient hands with clashing threads of sinew, pearl-white, fine as hair; its painted mimicries, dull spreading moons of orange and green and tawny umber; its fretwork of wizard arabesque in wreathed line and misty crescent—what wonder that the Tribe, in clamorous unison, vowed it a sacred thing, and consecrated it, the crowning sacrifice, to the great God of Harvests, their sovereign deity?

Last night had been the Feast of Harvests, the solemn final ceremonial of the tribal year. On the broad Stone of Sacrifice, a bare wind-swept face of rock, up past Council Mount, high on the farthest pinnacle that challenged the watching sky, the clan, in grave processional, had laid its dearest gifts. Gold grain, and crimson fruit, and deer, new-killed; white supple osier mats, and glittering flints, and rudest pottery; lump amber, darkly glowing; dim graven reindeer horn; pierced iris shells, in endless gleaming rows. And, last of all, their noblest pledge of gratitude, their boldest prayer for further graces, the mighty aurochs skin was lifted and cast, radiant, on the pyre.

Only for a breath it lay. For through that hush of worship rang a wild outcry. Gund's mate had darted forward, dark eyes ablaze, her white face flaming. And she had pounced upon the royal robe, and clasped it tight in both soft arms, and pressed her pleading cheek against the moons of orange, the flaunting arabesques. And he, Gund, thunderstruck and witless, had stood open-mouthed for a long moment. Then he had burst into wild laughter, alike at her passionate whim, and at the Chief's blank, frightened fury. And he had snatched the huge robe from her grasp, and tossed it upon her shoulders, as it were her own.

The Chief, after one venomous look, one whisper, had fallen back; for rage mingled with laughter in Gund's eyes. The ranks behind him

shook and muttered and hissed; the wind of mysterious panic breathed among them. But Gund had only mocked the louder at the pack, mouthing its whimpering fears. And he had wound the painted thing round her bare arms, and tossed her light body high upon the stone, and commanded her that she dance, as propitiation for her blasphemy.

And dance she did, as only she, taught by her shadowy tribal magic, could know. Hour upon hour she swayed and floated and dreamed, white arms uplifted, a leaping fountain of joy. Swift as a red wind-blown leaf, she fluttered through her airy race; ethereal as a twilight mist, she drifted past her woven cadences. At last, when the tribe, sated and dulled with marvelling, had had their fill, she ceased, and stood moveless, head aslant, her soft limbs stiff for utter weariness. Yet he had forced her to mount the stone and dance again, until, her black eyes glazed and staring, her cramped hands shut upon her laboring breast, she had staggered once more to his side, and fallen, begging that she might sleep. For answer, he had struck her piteous mouth. For the madness of his pride was upon him. What other man's mate could brave the challenge of the gray hawk's wing, surpass the wave? And she, weirdly fired to his command, had stirred her flagging limbs and danced on, till the last coals of the great Sacrifice were blotted in milky ash, and the watching stars grew dim.

However, her whim was not yet paid for, he reflected. This would cost him another battle; and not a conflict with the Chief alone. But that did not matter. He would conquer. He always conquered. True, his mate would not bind his wounds for him; for the mere sight of pain amazed and daunted her. But she would pity him, with wide eyes. She would bring him cold water and new bubbling wine. And after nightfall she would sing to him, softly, in her voice like the race of shallow water past its fretted sands, and dance for him once more beneath the grave white stars, light as a drifting cloud before the moon. It would not matter.

And still she slept. And when he leaned above her, to stare with questing eyes into that dreaming face, it was as if he saw her fairness laid afar, beyond his grasp, beneath deep waters: and the cold mirror-pool gleamed motionless between.

He lifted her soft hand, and bent it back and forth in his great hairy clutch. A slow, chill wonder stirred in his dull brain. Giant in strength, he was only a boy in years; for all his might, the tawny down still fruited soft on cheek and chin. However, despite his youth, there were some things that he had seen . . . and now remembered. There had been others of his tribe, who had thus slept—and not awakened. But that was different. Those had been always the wounded, else the old and sick, or the new-born. For such as his mate, surely that sleep could never be. No wound-mark blemished her perfect flesh;

her strength was like the silken reed, that bends but cannot break. And life had always beaten stronger within her than in the thrilled pulses of the wind, the flaming gold of the sun. With breeze and cloud and flying bird-note she was kin. With them, she would be forever young.

His eyes lifted to the thin smoke-wreaths still rising from Council Mound. Then, still questioning, they fell upon the painted robe. And in a breath their dull depths lit and flamed with comprehension.

It was all so clear! He laughed out, shamed that he had not known the truth before.

The God of Harvests was angered, at the withholding of his coronal of sacrifice, this royal skin. For revenge, he had laid this dark sleep upon the woman whose vanity had robbed him of his tribute. It was for Gund to make amends; a simple matter enough.

Well after nightfall, when the tribe, tired from last night's feast, would be safely huddled in their caves, he would bear the aurochs skin up Council Mound, and lay it on the Stone. Then he would try to rouse his mate. If she still slept, he would carry her also to the altar, and lay her there, a mute petition, that the God, now properly placated, might pity and restore. Certainly she deserved some discipline; but surely not even a God could look upon her lovely helplessness unmoved.

Late in the gray whispering starlight, he clambered panting, blind with sweat, up the high gliddery ledges that reared their ramparts before the Council Mound. Another easier trail wound up the farther side; but that lay towards the village; and while the terrors of this lone hideous quest knocked at his heart and weighed his laboring breath, his dread that some wakeful eye might watch and betray was stronger still. There were many others of his tribe who had looked on her with sullen greed. Should they attack him, here on this naked giddy rock, encumbered by her weakness, he could not hope to hold his own.

At last he dragged his burden over the steep black shelf, and stood alone, far in the windy hollow of the midnight sky. All the monstrous fears of his child race lurked at his heels, and peered in his flinching eyes. His breath came thick: a red sweat gathered round his gasping mouth.

He laid her on the painted robe, and strung the rings of braided grass on her slim arms, and clasped the wide girdle of pierced elks' teeth about her waist, and tied the chains of mottled rose and amber shells that he had hunted and twined for her, round her tender neck. Then for a moment he stooped and looked into her face, so near, and yet afar beyond his straining grasp, as if it lay beneath the cold mirrored pool.



However, here she would be safe. For here she slept, beneath the sight of the God of Harvests, upon His very altar: that unknown Might who hid the sun, and granted the rain, and lit his own mystic Sacrifice in the daybreak sky. Surely, she was safe. And, at twilight, again he would come, and find her awake, and waving rapturous hands to guide his way.

Then, very softly and quickly, he crawled away down the black splintered ledges, and out upon the wide gray plain, beneath the awful stars. And that strange fire leaped up and stung through heart and brain, and flashed and rippled and burned through thought and soul. And though he did not know nor heed, from his breast came the dull sounds of a brute in pain.

Then, as he ran towards the village, new terror loomed and daunted. For the low flames of dawn were not yet kindled in the East; yet the village was already astir. For swift red sparkles rose flickering before each burrow door. And he sped on, in dread of what he had left behind, in deeper dread of what he went to see.

And in the midst of the village swayed a gaunt man, caked in desert dust and blood-streaked sweat, a leathern horn to his lean bitten mouth. Around him swarmed the tribe, blank crowded faces of amaze. And from lip to lip the herald's message ran.

The Painted Ones, that preposterous relic of their clan, had joined the Arrow-men, a powerful tribe, long the bitter rivals of Gund and all his kin. By tales of the Cave tribe's riches, and of its defenseless state, they had beguiled the Arrow-men into a secret invasion. Now the two clans lay making ready for onslaught, below the screen of foothills, not an hour's march away.

The tribe swayed, muttered, clamored. The Chief arose before them to proclaim his leadership, craven to his melting bones. Silently they looked upon him: his abject hands, his blue, fear-blinded eyes. Then, with one jeering shout, brute laughter and unutterable scorn, they turned from him to Gund. And, roaring their triumph, they flung him to their shoulders, and cried him Leader to the vaulted sky.

When Gund again climbed Council Mount, the year had swung past prisoning frost and leaping spring, into mellow harvest once more. Again the shadows spread their purple cloak, from the white blind peak across the checkered valley; again the women and children bent to their singing labor in the brown sweet fields. And all the air flowed gold with sunshine, and breathed deep with scent of corn and grape, and sharp pungence of new wine.

He did not attempt the giddy ledge that he had climbed before. The wound that had smitten him down and made him captive in the

first hour of battle had never healed. As he moved, he dragged it, a withered useless limb. That fretted him incessantly. His mate loathed any sign of hurt or pain. He dreaded her shivering anger, her swift disgust, when she should see. However, there were other things for her to look upon, which might soothe her abhorrence. For he was burdened not alone by his crippled limb. Slung on his shoulder hung a broad goatskin bag, weighed down to bursting with his year's treasure hoard. Elks' teeth, strung by the score on glistening sinew; beautiful tanned deer-skins, dappled velvet, soft as the hollow of her own brown palm; a heavy pouch of shining river stones; a handful of tiny feathers, blue, emerald, crimson, to thrust in that black hair. And, most glorious of all, many broad circlets, stolen from his captor's treasure-cache upon the very hour of his escape. Smooth and gleaming, they were; heavy, yellow as the sun, yet round as the braided grass he used to weave on her slim arms. Decked with these miracles, cloaked in the silvery deer-skins, she would be the envy of all the tribe, he thought, exultant. And, joying in these treasures, perhaps she would forget his scarred face, his loose crippled limb.

He crept past the last sharp barricade, and stood upright beneath the golden sky.

Before him stretched the broad shrine, its hacked approach worn smooth by reverent feet. And on the altar, flaunting its ruddy moons beneath the sun, lay the painted aurochs skin. And nothing more.

He stood for a moment, cowering, agape. One hoarse shriek of rage burst from his strangling throat.

Then, as if a mist had lifted from his sight, he found himself still gazing at the aurochs skin, as if he saw more than the mere robe itself. For on it lay a tiny curious heap: a string of mottled rose and amber shells; an elks' tooth girdle; a little pile of silvery ashes and of bleached pearl bone.

He squatted on a near-by boulder, and looked, and looked. After a long time, the heavy goatskin bag slipped its leash and fell open beside him, and spilled its plunder wide upon the stones.

The clink of falling metal roused him. He turned and stared at the gay spoil.

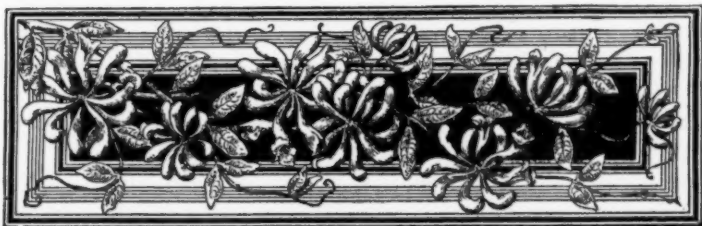
There it all lay: the hard-won treasure of his grim slaving days, his stealthy perilous nights, through this long tortured year. Two deerskins; the ponderous rings of gold; the pouch of glinting river stones; the rainbow feathers for her black hair.

He stared from the one heap to the other; that curious Other, which, beneath the warm light wind, eddied and shifted and blew.

And as he looked, once more that strange pang leaped and thrilled and strove in his breast, like strong beating wings: then fluttered, and sank, and died.

He gaped on, blankly. Presently he leaned forward, resting his elbows on both hairy knees. The rainbow feathers crumpled in his huge palm. And, shout on bellowing shout, his roars of laughter echoed from the watching hills.

And with that wail of rage, and mirth, and agony unspeakable, came Irony into the world.



### A FABLE WITH A MORAL

THERE was once a Jester who was tired of his job, so he resolved to go to his August Master, who was his Master during the other months of the year also, and beg to be released, so that he could seek Fresh Fields and Pastures New. When the King and his Courtiers saw him approaching they began to titter; but the Jester went straight to the Throne and sank upon one knee.

"Sire," he said, "for many years I have capered and grimaced to amuse you, and now I fain would rest."

"He fain would rest!" repeated the Monarch, his sides shaking with mirth.

"Sire, I have a family in far away Provence——"

"Ho ho!" laughed the King. "Ha ha!" echoed the Courtiers. "He he!" giggled the Courtieresses.

"And I beg of your majesty permission——"

"Is n't he the funniest thing!" said the King.

"To let me go and see them," finished the Jester.

The King was wiping his eyes, which were full of tears of merriment. "Take him away, somebody," he said, "or I shall die of laughing. He grows funnier every day."

Attendants surrounded the Jester and forced him kindly but firmly from the Royal Presence.

And he is still the King's Jester.

Moral: It is sometimes harder to lose a reputation than to acquire one.

*Robert T. Hardy*

# LITTLE BILLY HIGGINS'S RHUBARB MONEY

*By John L. Mathews*

**S**YMPATHY is a fellow suffering.

No word or group of words could better describe little Billy Higgins in his boyhood days.

Poor little Billy Higgins! I am about to narrate the saddest event in his career of woe, and at the very outset scalding tears course down my cheeks. Poor little Billy! If I could just for one minute lay hands on that fat groceryman, Blicks, I'd—but there, it's all so real to me! And yet it had a happy ending. Almost everything has, in this world. Even little Billy himself probably will have. But he didn't start that way.

Billy was handicapped from the start when unkind nature presented old Jim Higgins to him for a Pa. Old Jim Higgins was a bad lot, who borrowed money, dodged his bills, owed rent all his life, and wore a shiny silk hat on week-days for respectability's sake. And poor little Billy, from the day of his coming to the scene of mundane activity, had to bear the burden of being this Jim Higgins's boy, and did n't know what it was that handicapped him so.

Some boys can go right out to the railroad track any day and put two pins on the rail, and spit on them, and hide in the culvert till the train goes by—but it's awful risky, because sometimes mean firemen will dump fire down on you—and have a pair of scissors all made to order. Billy Higgins could n't—unless he found the pins somewhere; and then, like as not, he needed them to hold his tattered clothes together. When Billy's Ma wanted a new roundabout for him for summer wear she used to begin begging Billy's Pa the autumn before, and Billy's Pa would keep promising and putting it off and the next summer would come and go and all the boys would be getting their new warm winter flannels and overcoats—and one night Billy's Pa would come home from the city with a nice new cheap summer suit for Billy, last summer's size, and Billy's Ma would know that he had discovered another clothing store where they had n't learned his habits.

Old Jim Higgins believed in boys earning their own living, and he liked to encourage them to do it, and to set them a good example of

doing it. So when Billy was about six years old Pa made a bargain with him that if Billy would black his Pa's shoes every morning of the year he would get ten cents a week for it, regularly, every week; and if he did n't do it he would get a licking and have to do it anyhow. Pa never made Billy get right out and do anything by telling him he *must* do it. No, he always gave him some such alternative as that, so Billy could do it without having to, if he preferred to. And Billy, knowing his Pa, was very glad to choose the earlier method and do it for ten cents a week. And of course, as he was getting paid for it, he had to furnish his own blacking and shoe-brushes.

When Billy was ten years old he had been blacking his Pa's shoes for four years—two hundred and eight weeks—and his Pa owed him twenty dollars and eighty cents for it. Billy had the number of weeks carefully chalked up on a wall in the barn, and he knew every week how much money he had in that bank. For the first year or so he used to ask Pa for some of the money sometimes; but his Pa believed in two things about this: first, that little boys ought to save their money—which made him keep this for Billy till Billy grew up; and, second, that parents ought to cultivate the faculty of hope in children, and he could best do this by keeping Billy hoping for a day of settlement. A man like Pa is a great help in any community that has not been well trained in childhood, and he proved this by training the grocer and the landlord the same way he did Billy.

Twenty dollars and eighty cents is a great deal of money for a little boy of ten years, but that is n't all little Billy had. He was big enough now to push the lawn-mower, and Pa had hired him to cut the lawn at a quarter a push. That went into the Hope account, too, along with seventy-five cents last winter for clearing the snow off the sidewalk, and ten cents for going down to get a livery rig and telling the man Pa would pay when he brought it back, and ten cents more for taking it back and telling the man that Pa had company and could n't come but would stop in in a day or two. There were lots of other marks on the barn wall for ash-siftings, and for cutting wood for the drum heater on Sunday mornings when Pa wanted to take a bath; and, all in all, there was a total at last of twenty-eight dollars.

Think of having twenty-eight dollars in the bank! Of course there are banks and banks. Some bust up—just when you were going to buy a house or go on a fishing trip. Sometimes the cashier plays poker or the president runs away with the funds, or somebody forges a check on you, or you get into debt and they seize your bank account. A fig for all such banks! None of these things ever happened to Billy's. It was indeed the Bank of Hope—and of faith, and sweet, sweet charity. Year in, year out, Pa stayed right there, and the bank stayed with him. You could not have pried the money away with a

jimmy, and as for the chap who could have raided Billy's bank-account with a garnishee notice or a forged check—well, he would have had to be a mighty smart man to get anything out of Pa. Billy felt safe as far as that was concerned. He was n't much afraid of anything happening to Pa and his Bank. He did wish, sometimes—but there, never matter.

It was when Billy Higgins was eleven years old and had twenty-eight dollars and some odd dimes in the Bank of Hope that the adventure of the Rhubarb Money began to happen to him. If we could to-day dissect little Billy's memory, we should probably find his whole life recorded in chapters, like Sherlock Holmes's: "The Adventure of the Three Cloudies and the White Alley"; "The Adventure of the Raft That Busted in Two"; "The Adventure of Gettin' Licked the Time Me and Jakey Blinks Got Caught in Hank Ruddock's Orchard," and so on to the end.

Money is the root of all evil. Every little while something happens which makes those words truer and truer. As long as Billy was contented with stage money chalked up on the barn wall, representing deposits in the Bank of Hope, he never had any worse troubles than stage fright when Pa was getting a shingle ready. But when he got the hankering for real money—for flashy dimes and quarters, and even for a whole half-dollar—to spend for the Fourth of July, right there was where Billy's real troubles began.

"Pa," he said at supper one night, "did you ever earn any Fourth of July money when you was a boy?"

Pa laid down his knife and fork and smiled at Billy benevolently.

"Why, son," he said, "I never did anything but earn Fourth of July money when I was a boy. I earned so much money some years that the whole community depended on me for fireworks—or would have, if the other boys had n't earned so much, too. Boys don't work and earn now like they did in those days."

"How did you earn it, Pa?" asked Billy.

That sort of a question looks mighty simple; and it is simple—simple as looking in the back of the book for the answer before you begin your arithmetic. But Pa did n't have a book with a key in it, and for a little while he had to guess a good deal and very lively. Ma, who knew more about Pa being a boy than she usually let on, and who had some fun once in a while when she forgot how afraid of Jim Higgins she really was, almost giggled while she watched him guess.

"Why—er—I—er—why, I earned it, son—worked for it—got it by the sweat of my brow and the toil of my hands. That is how boys should work."

"Yes, but what kind of sweat?" persisted Billy. "I mean what did you do that made you sweat?"



"Gardening, maybe," suggested Ma. That was a little bold for Ma, because she was thinking of the time Pa started a garden the very first year after they were married, and it was a good deal of a jolt to Pa when she said it. But Pa would n't be Jim Higgins if he could n't see good luck in adversity.

"Gardening!" he exclaimed, with enthusiastic reminiscence. "Well, I guess!" He said that so you would have thought (and Billy did think, with admiring wonder) that Pa had gardened ten or eleven acres single-handed and might have been the founder of the Department of Agriculture. "Gardening," he added, "was my regular business." He glared at Ma as much as to say, "Let me hear you yap a word about this, now, and we'll settle later." "I made hundreds of dollars gardening," he said aloud. "You make a garden, Billy, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll run the garden myself—furnish the back yard for it, and get the seeds, and I'll pay you ten cents an hour for working in it, and you can sell all the vegetables we don't eat."

That sounded easy to Billy. They never were much of a family for vegetables—but it was not till long afterwards that he knew that this was because the butcher was a more credulous fellow than the green-grocer. The vegetable period antedated his memory. So Billy worked and worked, as no boy of Boyville had ever worked before. All the other chaps came and stood around the edge of the little plot of ground and watched Billy spade it up, and sneaked the angleworms he was saving to sell at eighteen for two cents, and made believe they crawled out of the tin can themselves (the worms, I mean). Billy raked and planted and weeded and did everything a little boy can do to make a garden; and sometimes Pa came out in the evening and smoked his pipe and looked at the onions and the cabbages and the cornstalks and all the other green things, and said what a fine thing it was to make two stalks of corn grow where an angleworm had crawled before, and how proud he was of William, and that a farmer's life was the noblest of all. And when things were ready Ma gathered them in and Pa ate them, and there was n't any left for the neighbors; but Billy had ten dollars and fifteen cents more in the Bank of Expectations.

Poor little Billy Higgins! But it is adversity that is the great teacher. Billy swallowed his disappointment and laid plans for the future. The great thing was to find something none of the family ate, and grow that. Billy used to go down to Blinks's grocery store and look at the baskets on the sidewalk and make lists. Potatoes everybody ate, and cucumbers and corn. Boys hook melons. Tomatoes—Ma always canned them.

"Pa," Billy said one day, "do you like architokes?"

"Dote on 'em, son," said Pa. Billy crossed them off his list. He

avored mushrooms for a long time, but Ma queered them; he caught her sighing over a box of them at Blicks's. So one by one the chances slipped until he had almost given up hoping; and then one day a game of follow-my-leader took him over the fence into the old Nelson Ramsay place and the answer was found. There, along the south side of the fence, was that famous early rhubarb Mrs. Ramsay used to give away in the spring to her choicest friends. Mr. Ramsay's house had burned, and he was quarrelling with the insurance company and the man that owned the mortgage, and no one was watching the place. Billy knew that was fine rhubarb, and he suddenly remembered that no one in his family could eat rhubarb at all. Nevertheless, he advanced as cautiously as General McClellan on the Peninsula.

"Pa," he said at table one day, "if I was to grow some nice pie-plant, would you buy it of me?"

Now, that was a fine question, because Pa would rather buy something of Billy and add it to the bank account than eat dinner; Billy knew it was the real test. And Pa declined it.

"No, my son," he said; "there is where I draw the line. Right there I stop. I will buy anything else the ground will produce, from green grass to poison ivy, but I will not buy rhubarb. Nor will I eat it. On rhubarb you would make a dismal failure with me for your trade."

Billy's heart leaped high with expectation and happiness, but he stilled it and tried another question.

"I bet *you* would, Ma," he said. "Would n't you, now—if your little boy grew it and cut it and brought it in?"

Ma shook her head. "No, dear," she said; "I should like to, just to help you along; but neither Pa nor I like rhubarb."

Oh, little Billy Higgins!—I wish I could stop right here and paint you as you were then; no fellow suffering that time, but a joyous, cheerful, impatient boy, waiting till dark to sneak down to the Nelson Ramsay place and hook the rhubarb roots. That's what little Billy Higgins did. He got the old halter-rope that they used to keep the horse in before that time about the chattel mortgage, and he got the hitching-strap from a place he hid it when the man Pa bought the buggy of took it away. He tied them together and took them up-stairs, and that night, ever so late, he sneaked out of the window and went down to Ramsay's lot and hooked half their rhubarb roots and brought them home and hid them in the barn.

That was a terrible night. Nothing but grim determination could ever have nerved him up to it. John Henry Baxter's big Newfoundland dog, Rover, barked all the time, and John Henry, who lived next door to the Ramsay place, leaned out of the window twice, so that Billy had to lie down under the leaves of the rhubarb and hide. But at last John Henry went down and unchained the dog, and as soon as he was

back in the house Rover came over in the most friendly fashion and, seeing what Billy was up to, wagged his tail and dug some too to help.

Then George Stillings went by on the way home from the late train, and after a while Officer O'Leary came by with Mr. Dwiggins, helping him along because Mr. Dwiggins worked at work that you had to take something to brace you up while you did it. They were talking, Mr. Dwiggins very loudly.

"Y' need n' tell me!" he said. "There *are* burglars, too. I've seen 'm. They're very bol'. Look ol' Nels'n Ramshy place now. Where's ol' house? Stole! Thash where. Of'cer—you goin' stan' by and see Nels'n Ramshy place robbed?"

"I'll come back and search it, sorr," said the officer good-naturedly, and Billy, too scared to run, lay under his rhubarb leaves and shivered and shook until he heard Officer O'Leary go safely by again.

It was a long job, but it was done at last, and Billy, with one reassuring hand on Rover's collar, actually dared invade the dark barn at home and hide his basket. Then he took off his shoes and carefully shinned up the safety line into his window, and was sound asleep in two minutes. But poor Rover—he got whipped by John Henry for digging in the rhubarb garden next day, when Billy was not there.

The next thing was to get that rhubarb planted. You can't plant rhubarb at night. You have to see. Billy waited for a certain fête day long known to him, the first Thursday in the month. On that magic day Ma always spread out a lunch for him on the kitchen table and hied herself away to the all-day missionary meeting. No one was left at home but Billy, and, undisturbed, he planted the roots in a carefully planned row along the south side of the fence of his own yard. He raked the ground over them carefully, so no one would notice that it had been disturbed; and no one did. Thereafter he went whistling on his way and waited for something to happen. Nothing did happen until spring, though Billy managed on successive "first Thursdays" to sprinkle the ground with good rich stable manure from a box across the alley. The roots were sheltered from the snow by this covering, and from the north wind by the fence, and early in the spring began putting forth leaves as swiftly and as unexpectedly as a fig-tree puts out its green figs.

Of course they found it out then, and Billy had to pretend that it just came up—that he knew it was there all along—that he was thinking of that very row when he asked about their eating it—for Billy had learned that caution which, outside of business, is plain lying, and he sometimes had to lie good and strong to maintain his innocence. But, since the cat was out of the bag, he tilled his ground openly, until at last the stalks were big enough to cut.

When that happy day came he went down the line on his hands and

knees, towing a big market basket after him, and with a kitchen knife chopped the leaf from every stalk and put the stalk in his basket. He had enough to crowd it to the handle. He borrowed Hank Smithers' wheelbarrow to carry it in, and when he was sure nobody in his house was looking he sneaked away with it, around two blocks the back way and up Deacon Street, right to the door of old Jacob Blinks's green-grocery store. There he stopped and looked in. The coast was clear. Old Jakey was standing in the middle of the store chewing a cracker, and there were no customers. Little Billy Higgins took the basket off the wheelbarrow and laboriously lugged it into the store. Old Jakey looked at him ruminatively.

"Mister Blinks," said Billy, "is n't that fine rhubarb?"

The groceryman looked at it.

"Ya," he said; "dot vass fine rhubarrrrrb. Dot vass fine. Vere didt you get it?"

"I grew it," said Billy. "It's for sale. I want to sell it. Will you buy it?"

The groceryman looked again.

"Ya," he said; "I buy 'em." He took the basket and walked aft to the scales in the dark and shadowy part of the store, where customers seldom penetrated. He weighed it thoughtfully. Then he set the basket aside with some other baskets of green groceries in the back of the store, and came out to Billy.

"I gif you seventy-five cents," he said, and looked benevolently at Billy.

"All right," said Billy.

"Ya," said the groceryman.

He stood there silently after that, chewing at another cracker. He was always chewing crackers, and Billy waited patiently for him to get through. When the last crumb had disappeared he ventured to remind him.

"Seventy-five cents, you said," he remarked.

"Ya, dot is right," said Mr. Blinks, drawing another cracker from his capacious pocket and beginning to munch it. Billy looked at him a little uneasily, but waited as politely as he could until that cracker, too, was eaten. Then, swallowing at nothing, very hard, he began another query:

"Well—that is—Mr. Blinks—you see—when would I get the money, please? Could I have it now?"

Mr. Blinks looked down at him and beamed benevolently. He took out another cracker, bit off a morsel, chewed it a moment, and reached out a hand to pat Billy on the top of the head.

"Vy, my poy," he said, as if pronouncing a benediction, "I vill sharge dot on Bapa's bill."

Probably you can see the force of that all at once. Billy did n't. He fidgetted first on one foot and then on the other, trying to figure out just when that meant he would get it. As he got back to the first foot for the third time, comprehension began to dawn. In another minute he had grasped it—in all its horror. Tears welled up in his eyes, but he shed them not. Billy was not one of your weaklings, to shed tears over money before an old Dutch groceryman. No, sir! He turned and marched straight out of that grocery store and got his wheelbarrow and went and returned it to Hank Smithers. Then he walked around by the Nelson Ramsay place and sat down behind the fence and cried all he wanted to.

Perhaps you think that is all there is to the story of little Billy Higgins and his Rhubarb Money; but if you do you are mightily mistaken. Billy was sobbing there to his heart's content when Mr. Henry Spriggs went by and heard him. Henry Spriggs was the editor of the weekly paper, and he had to investigate everything he heard to get enough to fill the places between the advertisements. He leaned over the fence, saw Billy, vaulted over, and sat down beside him.

"What's the matter with Billy Higgins?" he asked, putting a sympathetic hand on Billy's knee (and there you see again that nothing comes in so apt as that "fellow suffering"). Editor Spriggs had a sort of corkscrew voice that drew an answer from the most unwilling. It drew one now from little Billy Higgins, who, between his sobs, poured out the whole tale of the Bank of Hope and the Rhubarb Money. Editor Spriggs listened with holy joy. He was no friend of Pa Higgins. Little Billy was twelve years old, and the invitations to the Higgins nuptials were not yet paid for. As he listened a plan unfolded itself in his mind and enlarged there and became complete.

"Listen to me, Billy," he said. "This is a thing the people ought to know, so that other little boys won't grow rhubarb and take it to Mr. Blinks and not get any money for it. Did you know I pay people for writing for my paper?"

No, Billy had never heard of it; but it was true.

"Now," said Mr. Spriggs, "you come down to my office with me and I will give you a clean sheet of paper and a pencil, and I want you to write out for me your account with Pa and his Bank of Hope, and all about the garden and the rhubarb and Mr. Blinks, and I will print it and I will pay you seventy-five cents for it—and I will give you the money now."

He placed a quarter and a half-dollar on Billy's knee while he spoke. Billy clutched them eagerly and slid them into his pocket. Then he dried his tears and started up.

"Come along!" he said briskly. It sounded too easy to be true,

and he was not going to risk anything by waiting. They went to the office of the paper, and Billy wrote it all out and gave it to Mr. Spriggs, and Mr. Spriggs called a man in from the next room and handed it to him.

"Here, Van," he said, "set this in pica and double-lead it. Drop out that poem in the two-column box in the middle of the front page, and put this in it with an eighteen-point gothic head. Hustle it up, so we can get it out to-morrow."

Little Billy Higgins did not say anything about his adventure at home that evening, and he kept still about the rhubarb, too. He was still keeping quiet about it the next day; for as he thought it over, he felt that somehow, somewhere, there was something peculiar about it. Later a faint rumor of trouble came to his ears. He was not exactly afraid, but, desiring to remain unobtrusive, he was very still indeed, in a deep closet, when his Pa came home that night.

Pa came home like a thunder-cloud. He had the paper in his inside pocket, and unfolded it and shook it at Ma, and roared at her about her offspring, and being disgraced off the face of the earth, and suing the editor for libel. When she called and Billy finally emerged Pa roared at him, too, but to Billy's immense surprise did not lick him—for the editor had printed in big type under Billy's story:

Little Billy Higgins has sworn a Bible oath to tell me if his Pa whips him for this; and if he does, I will print that, too.

No, little Billy Higgins did not get licked. And he had the seventy-five cents. And though, when I first began to write this tale, I was moved to grief by the contemplation of the Bank of Hope, I must not forget that in the end there was solace even for its lone depositor.

Little Billy always called at the post-office for the family mail. The next day he found a letter for himself in the box. It was from Mr. Blinks, and it contained seventy-five cents, and was labelled "Billy Higgins's Rhubarb Money." And four other days after that he found letters to himself from people he had never supposed owed him anything, but that his Pa owed money to, and every one held seventy-five cents and said it was Rhubarb Money, and every one said "for value received," which puzzled Billy a good deal.

Billy was getting the habit of keeping very still at home, so he did not tell about these seventy-five centsees. He did not put them in any Bank of Hope, either, but spent them on the most elaborate Fourth of July Boyville had ever witnessed among its junior members. And somehow, after being hoodooed all through boyhood by something he could not define and did not understand, and which was just being Pa Higgins's little boy and nothing else, Billy suddenly found that



wherever he went people smiled at him and called him "Billy" with much affection; and for years and years they would shout after him and ask if he had any rhubarb he would like to sell that spring.



# SUMMER SCHOOL

BY CLARENCE URMY

**D**O you recall the Summer School  
So free from any hint of rule,  
That met down by the purple pool?

For roof, a sycamore's green gloom,  
An alder alcove, laurel room,  
And classic paths of myrtle bloom.

Religion, Art, the Church, all took  
Their turn beside the willowed brook;  
And Nature's illustrated book

Was dictionary, gazetteer,  
Concordance, making all things clear,  
The old things new, the far things near.

A Course In Music found the stream  
A fond exponent of the theme;  
The syllabus said: "Listen! Dream!"

The while the class in Light And Shade  
Had but to wander down the glade,  
And lo, what art the boughs displayed!

There must have been some small surprise  
Among the birds and butterflies  
At many questions and replies!

Ah, happy school-days! Pupils two,  
Just You and I—how moments flew  
Beneath that dome of green and blue!

And have You not dreamed o'er and o'er  
Of Summer School in days of yore  
By purple pool and sycamore?

# THE LONE WAR

*By Will Levington Comfort*

*Author of "Lady Thoroughbred, Kentuckian," etc.*

WHEN I think it all over again, red spots fly like little blurred disks across my wall, and self-hate possesses me as the burn of fresh poison crawls through one's veins. It has come as a last hope that I may be able to tell this incubus out of my soul. Certainly I should tell it well, if contact with the core of the tragedy and subsequent deep-sea meditations make for grasp and vividness.

Gnedlan, who did it all—God knows what I have done for him—had the clearest, deepest mind in which I ever had the honor to dip. Though I knew him better than any living man, it is plain that I only sported and sputtered in the surface warmth of his mental fathoms. As a babe, as a boy, as a misanthrope, he was masterful. And wise beyond his time, he was, in the ways of men. Of the most alluring traps which find our weaknesses, none appealed to him. It was as if he had been through all and learned their shallow viciousness.

We studied together. Gnedlan leaped intuitively from peak to peak in culture. I toiled the descents with my packs, forded, and eventually agonized my way to the height, only to perceive him sitting serenely on a far summit. Thus, too, he mastered the crowning illusion of our time, Commerce, and was laughing at the utter vanity of his own opulence by the time I had wiped the rime out of my eyes to gaze in amazement at my first thousand pieces of silver.

Finally he was a man of singular passions, hard-held all—but one! Now, you and I know that the size of a man's body has nothing to do with his acumen or spirit, but the government does not recognize the fact. There came into our lives the contagion which imminent war breathed in the air. We responded to the tumult of the instant. We were young men and strong; we would serve our country. Because I had worn the State's uniform at intervals, kept up certain dues and drilled upon a dancing-floor, the nation, in her dire extremity, gave me a commission. Because Gnedlan was a half-inch under the stature which a United States soldier must attain, he was refused the glory of becoming a private.

Upon hearing of his rejection, my first impulse was to laugh. Well I knew his endurance, his physical agility, and his courage. He was a small package, it is true, but contained the very oil of military qualities, with a saint for a mother and a sire whose valor had screamed in the Rebellion. He came to me with a face that had met death and conquered, only to encounter seven devils beyond the pale. Neither in brain nor body nor pride had he ever known defeat until this hour. Here was a government regulation which caught and crushed all three in the dead brute pressure of eighty millions.

"Don't talk about it, Garrick!" he broke out suddenly. "I came to you like a poisoned rat to water, but I don't want to talk!"

It was in my office, and we sat together while the afternoon dulled and darkened. When a band swung by below, pounding out the old thrilling line, ". . . that our flag was still there!" the little man beside me shivered. His fingers found my knee, my hand, and tightened like twisted wires. He arose swiftly and bade me good-by in a tense, harsh way. I heard his quick step in the hall. That was the way Gnedlan left me—the concentrated man.

The days that followed should have been the dearest of a man's life. There were ninety-odd men who loved me, a volunteer company of infantry which was the envy—in point of raw material—of the regular officers. Women came to praise and pray for us; and men, broken by work and pleasure, so that they could not follow, came to offer up their zeal in lamentations and champagne. It was the shallow hour of idolatry which precedes the time—in an unsentimental war—when those who wait at home would tear the Capitol from the shoulders of the nation for using up their sons.

But the days were without exaltation to me, because I was listening for my friend. Indeed, without Gnedlan, I resembled a country in a season when the staple grain is devastated by plague. In a night he had vanished from his home, office, bank, business, and club—out of the Western world and all its bulky civilization. So often had he convinced me of the fallacy of every phase of suicide philosophy, that I could not hold the fear of his self-death. Still, I knew the depth of his wound, and shuddered at the form his reprisal would take.

My company was shipped across to Manila and tried out for several months in the rice-lands north of the city. Our opportunity for real work was complicated by the exigencies of a brigade. We had so little chance to dash out into the open and show the stuff we were made of, that in the rare moments of possibility I drove my company to the task with zeal, possibly a little showy. At all events, I was called into Manila and presented with a formal expression of appreciation on the substance of my men and the character of my leadership. I cannot tell which was greater at the time—my amusement or my amazement.

"General," I said to the Little White Chief, as soon as I could get him alone, "give me a bit of real service before I go home."

"You big fire-eater!" he laughed. "If I did n't need such men as you, I'd kill you off in Minday!"

"Send me to Minday," I pleaded, knowing the island only as a blotch in the southern waters which stood for fanatic fighting.

"Garrick," he said suddenly, "I'll make you a Major, Mex., and give you a battalion and a ship to take you to Minday. Then as I need the ship, I'll leave you there to clean up or die. The Spaniards tried to take Minday and failed. A bunch of our good marines were exterminated before their feet were dry from landing. These Mindayans are Turks and pit-terriers and padded-cellites rolled into one and led by a Spanish pirate. Good-by, Garrick. You have brought it on yourself. I don't expect to see you again."

Waiting for the transport, I learned from a commander of marines that the Mindayans were, in truth, led by a Spaniard who had the technique of the fighting game at his finger-tips; and also that out of sheer love for him, the natives from the farthest ravine of the island furnished their lungs, legs, knives, and lives in glad spirit. As a last word, the Little White Chief intimated that he dared not hope ever to find my body.

It was borne to me on ship that my men were nervous about Minday. This was not strange, since the island had been advertised so subtly as the home of a religion which makes fighters, and of fighters who make creepish carvings out of the flesh of the invader. It is without any pride whatsoever that I declare that my own ennui was not yet lifted. The whole war appealed to me as unworthy of a white man. I believe in valor, but I want it glinting with soul-sparks. Hunting little black men out of their homes furnished no room for the play of other than purely physical heroisms.

The Mindayans allowed us to enter a hell-heated lagoon, but gave us fight within two hours. From the standpoint of the outer world, that fight was hardly a reckonable affair, but to me, the leader of less than four hundred men, sixteen lost, merely on the edges, without an answering blow, was like another Wilderness. On the second day, a detached American column again suffered the advertised extermination, and I had to file for reference a new note of terror—covered in official wordings—to be sent to the Little White Chief in Manila.

It becomes monotonous when I set forth that on the third day my sentries on three sides met vile un-unctioned deaths; and this in full withering daylight.

I was terrified, not that I conjured a personal decapitation or dismemberment, but that I felt my brand of leadership held up before my men in this same awful light. I could not send out a small line of

skirmishers, but that it would be dried up by Minday's hot metal, full of death and hot hearts full of hate. I could not send out my full force without losing my base. I could not concentrate my entire battalion against the surrounding jungle, because it was too heinous and sinister to answer my numbers.

The name of the town on the lagoon was Arecima, and I was chained there by my provisions. A mere sit-tight garrison hugging its muscles around its bacon and coffee cannot conquer an island, and I had begged my general to allow me to do this thing. "Kill the Spaniard first!" was his last word. Instead, the Spaniard was trampling upon my nerves and vitality—a psychically-oppressive little fiend who manifested behind the foliage of Minday. It is true that his natives could curl up like the variable lizards upon the leaves of the land. More than ever in my helplessness, I felt the need of Gnedlan.

Men looked at me as they buried their beloved. My aides came into headquarters silently, and I imagined unutterable things behind their official rhetoric and regulation calm. And even as we discussed the situation, it was likely that an orderly would approach to chronicle a fresh murder. Once I overheard one officer say to another: "Garrick prayed to come, and now where is the zeal of this erstwhile fighting demon?"

And the enlisted men looked to me for their lives, or—bless them!—a chance for their lives. They whimpered at the thought of home, shuddered at the blinding, unbroken sea northward, staggered pitifully along the baked white roads of the town, and dreamed of the tasks they had once meant to do—beyond the war. I passed along the lines and looked from face to face. The fear of death had wiped the steadiness and constancy from their eyes—even from the eyes of my own company. Here and there was a look of sullen hate directed upon me; and here and there, what was infinitely worse, the face of some youth with quivering lips and grieved, frightened eyes—looking up at me like a child imploring to be saved.

I went back to my quarters and sat down. Inactivity and death by the knife, the white man's horror,—these and the sun and the man-eating jungle had poisoned the manhood of my command. It came to me then that the least of all evils was to divide my force, attack with one and hold the town with the other, in the event that the Mindayans utterly refused to attempt to retake their town with us all in it. In the hope of such an attack, I determined to wait one more day. To keep madness from the brains of my men, I must act, even though I was assured that a division of my force meant a reunion in heaven or hell, each soldier according to his soul's imprint. I called my captains together and told them.

Then in the last of the twilight, as I alone stood by the open win-

dow, thinking, thinking, my eyes were attracted by a strange little figure approaching in the road below, with a soldier on either side. It was too dark to distinguish the face, but something about the walk of the little man quickened my heart like cocaine. The three passed the sentries below and were on the stair. I sat sweating, rigid, while my orderly brought word that an American who claimed to have been a prisoner in the hands of the Mindayans, since the fight of the American marines, had come forth from the jungle under a truce-flag with a message for me.

"Bring him in," I gasped.

And then I saw Gnedlan in the candle-light. His face was brown as a dead leaf, devastated by pain, attenuated as an eagle's head, but classic still to me; and the old light of genius lived with the suffering in his eyes. His wasted figure was sunk in the soiled khaki of one of my dead American soldiers. The whitish, haggard lips formed my name. I beckoned the orderly out of the room. The stress of the instant robbed months from my fundamental vitality. Out of something like a trance, I emerged to find that we were alone, to feel his hand and hear his whisper:

"Garrrick!"

I was not fit to speak.

"I have arranged for you to pull out of here," he said in a quick, vital way. "If I had n't found *you* to be in command, I should have crucified your outfit days ago as I did the marines. Possibly you have seen how futile you are, and how I have lanced your men like bad bulls in the slaughter-pen——"

"Are you 'The Spaniard,' Gnedlan?" I whispered hoarsely, but he did not need to answer, for I saw it all. My brain struggled, as a child in heavy armor, with the horror of the days to come and with the horror of this man's retaliation.

" . . . I could have wept a tear for every obscure soldier's wound," I heard him saying bitterly, "and drops of blood I had to give with glad passion for every skirmish of my country's men! My country, *my country*, petrified the heart of me—left me to stand like a poor cripple while her *men* marched away!"

"Oh, Gnedlan," I faltered.

"Now listen," he commanded: "to-morrow morning there will be native boats in the lagoon—enough to hold all your men, and provisions to last until you get to Pinang—two days north. I labored hard with the chiefs to arrange this, because I have not the hate to massacre the men of my old friend."

"Gnedlan," I answered, "you have been pal and prophet to me, but I am bound to the wheel of my own bravado. I asked to come out here to make a killing. I shall do it even if it be—my men and I!"



"It will be your men, if you stay, Garrick. I am bound to the Mindayan wheel—strange naked men of violence who have built their army and their religion about me. In the jungle I have three times your force, each with a quicker zeal to die than your best. Alone, they are a chaos of frothing fiends, but with a leader——"

The words of the Little White Chief rang in my brain: "Kill the Spaniard first!" I saw that Gnedlan was not mad, but that his hate had seemingly burned to death a certain set of brain fibres. He desired to save me, but at the price of white men fleeing from Malays. . . . I saw that something was eating out his vitals. He had the look of one dying steady-limbed. I loved him. I had orders to kill him. The men who served me, their mothers, sweethearts, children, the nation I served with them—all demanded me to put out of the way this friend of mine.

"I could take you prisoner now, Gnedlan."

"When I came under a truce-flag?" he whispered with a smile.

"You came under a misrepresentation. You were here on the island before the marines."

"You could not take me prisoner because—because you are Garrick," he said softly.

I smiled in answer, though the moment had many phases and a bruise in each. It must have been a sick, white smile, for I felt that he had spoken the truth. I could defeat my men easier than to kill him. The moment was too big for me, and I was torn in the storm of it. I falter to express the thought which formed in my brain. Though I gave it no utterance, the fact that my brain held and fondled such a thought shows the vivid yellow of my make-up. It was that Gnedlan and I should kill each other, leaving Minday to its own and the invader.

He leaned forward and took my hand again. "You never doubted my judgment before, Garrick," he pleaded. "Take the boats in the morning. Tell them to send a regiment."

It was a dark moment in that feverish night. A cordon of American soldiers were lying about us, bound in by the jungle which was vitalized by a people who dreamed of the white man's blood; outside of all, the swaying, soulless sea. We stood together, Gnedlan and I, as we had done in other crises up the years,—carrion insects in the dead air, the only human sound a sentry's boot.

And that sound arraigned me for a slayer. . . . Fragmentary pictures of the morrow flashed through my brain. I saw the dirty fight of knives and torture, Gnedlan working out his lone war against his friend and his people; sunlight, sand, the sea, faces of my men dripping out their lives, the naked, nameless horde closing in, red-eyed, open-mouthed; the ghastly litter of war; my own boys bereft of their

trophy parts; the women, the children, and the lust. . . . And beyond it all, I saw my Gnedlan, with the torrid night settling down—sitting apart from the victory, his head bowed in his hands. . . .

"Gnedlan," I said, "I must tell you at the end, now, that you are and have always been to me like a babe to a woman—five-sixths of my life. That being said, I can only add—go your way and we'll slay each other in the morning—you and Minday, my men and I."

I gave him a passport beyond the lines, his last look wringing my soul. I stepped to the window to see him make his way out into the road between the sentries, a queer, quick-moving little figure. There was no moon, and the party vanished like phantoms out of the lantern-ray at the door of headquarters. I tried to catch his thoughts as he went back to the barbarians. . . . Just then out of the dark at the south end of the town rose a scream in which was wrapped a white man's curse, and I knew that the half-human snakes of Minday had dipped their fangs into the vitals of another American outpost. God knows I might have had more strength had the scream found me five minutes earlier.

I called in the captains, told them Minday had offered us boats to make a get-away, and that I had refused to accept. It was a good omen, however, I intimated, saying that the natives were probably hard-pressed for ammunition, or with fear of us, to send in such a word. The little American ex-marine, I lied, was bound by the truce to carry back my decision, but was promised his liberty. I felt that I was smothering in the presence of these good men. That was a night in which I put on great age.

Out of the dawn came no alarm. For an hour in the first light a native fleet hung off-shore. Gnedlan had hoped that the night would change my word. The forenoon was a martyrdom of waiting.

Full day. The jungle parted, and a small native force dashed out, as I thought, to attract our attention for a flank movement. We were squared off in the centre of the town, with the sea behind. Manifestly we could stand no driving. It was hold or fall. The intrepid little native outfit came in, bent on eating us alive. Against them was shot my own company, while the rest of us watched with frightful intensity for the development of the enemy's strategy.

Apparently there was none. On came the mad little flock which my company stopped with a volley, and finished, even to the cripples, in a minute's ragged firing. "Gnedlan is showing me how the Mindayans can die," was my thought, "and presently he will show his own kind of leadership." I wondered if he knew he was putting the old gusto of the fight into my men who had been so long and so subtly terrified. Again the jungle opened and another little host sped forth, cool, undismayed, and over it we spread steel-poisoning.

I saw my second-in-command lick his lips under his field-glass, and I heard the hoarse, wondering cry from the throats of my men—the cry that should not come from the bodies of the world's most civilized creatures, because it is a perfect fury of animal lust, because it means that fear and sense to pain are being down-ridden by the horrid hunger to kill.

"Just a lot of dog-meat," drawled a voice, bearing to me humor out of hell.

From the destroying sand to the pitiless sun, my brain roved to find the meaning of the enemy's movement. The belated truth came in a whirlwind when the third ill-starred platoon ran out into the altar of the open. In the quick illness of utter shame my heart went out to the little man—Gnedlan, who was deliberately whipping his own force for my sake. And yet against the delicate fabric of friendship pressed the iron of my task. . . . "You are Garrick," my thoughts ran. "You forgot it last night. Don't forget it now—Garrick, U. S. A., Major, Mex.,—a tentacle stretching out from a trunk of eighty millions—for war—for war now!"

I smashed the third finger of the enemy.

No humans would stand being cut up indefinitely in this easy, isolated fashion. That the Mindayans had suffered three such advances showed their faith and love for Gnedlan. I feared already that they would kill the man who sacrificed them, and knew that in the next move they would spend full force and fury. . . . There was silence, while we watched the jungle opening, as the crowd watches the hall of a circus-tent for the hippodrome. Anything but silence and waiting, my men could stand now, for warmed-over courage cools quickly.

But Gnedlan did not suffer us to wait long. On a splendid bay pony, he emerged alone from cover and spurred full-length around the jungle-edge and back again, bending forward in the saddle and shouting an inspiration at the horde concealed in the foliage. Numbed and cold, I watched for his death. Half of my men had dropped to the ground and were picking at the flying figure two hundred yards away with their Krag. "The Spaniard! The Spaniard!" rumbled over the American command.

Still he lived and rode; and, suddenly veering his mount toward us, he came in like a thoroughbred on the stretch. That the jungles poured out their hundreds that instant was a lesser issue to me than the fate of a single horseman.

"Get him alive! Take him alive!" I screamed. "The niggers are coming—save your shells for them!" My order went down the line, but the repeating voices were slow to break the din of firing. When I saw that the Mindayans had forgotten us in frenzy to kill their old leader, the last hope for his life died out of me. . . .

Thus he galloped in, two forces concentrating their fire at him; thus my friend came to speak to me.

"Take the fight, captain!" I called to the second-in-command. "Hold the men's fire until the natives are half across the open. I am going to get the last word from the—from the marine!"

Forty yards from my line, as I ran to him, the pony went down. In a passion to have him alone at the last, I fought back the men who would have followed me. . . . Up from the flying sand rose the face of Gnedlan with blood and a laugh and the terrible sunlight upon it. The air about my ears was electric with Mindayan slugs. He lay in the sand, smiling up at me, his body riddled by the lead of his men and the steel of mine. Yet he had words for me and a will to utter them. Faintly the words came, but not without a trace of the old briskness:

"Now, Garrick—they have no leader, and they only have two rounds of ammunition to a man—two to a man, and they're wasting a lot at me. Don't let them get in with the knives and you've got to win! . . . I thought it all out last night—and because you came—I could n't—I could n't keep my hate trimmed and burning! . . . I've hurt my soul and lost my country, but I've got you, Garrick—haven't I—always? . . . always? . . . Go back to the fight——"

His face turned toward the sand, and his passing tore the substance out of my heart. Yet a last time he raised his head, and his eyes, dim with dreams, stared back at the natives he had led.

"Garrick, Garrick," he whispered, "don't hurt your soul—or lose your country. All hell rises to burn you if you do! . . . And now you must slay—my poor babes in the woods——"

"Don't you see you are dying for your country, Gnedlan?—Gnedlan!" I called into his ear, but he was gone from me.

I awoke back in the lines and broke from the surgeon who was bending over me. It seemed that instant as if all the complications which had restrained me from good leadership fell away like the leash that had bound me to the life of my friend. . . . The fight was on—the fight was on, indeed, and I was out where I belonged, delivering the message which Gnedlan had brought in:

"Don't let 'em get in with their knives! Make every shell count, boys—they're out of gun-fodder! . . . Hold, you white men—make 'em kick against the pricks—and hold for your chance of home! *Home's* the word—hold for it!" I was a mad cripple fuming along the lines.

But we did not keep off the knives. Again and again the black torrent poured in. We broke the point as it came; shattered the trunk

of the charge ere it struck, but the tail inevitably whirled and bit like a stingaree. And before we could fall back to breathe among our dead, the jungle would vomit forth another monster.

I was away upon a far plane of consciousness, trying to catch Gnedlan, who moved faster and faster and finally vanished utterly. Then it seemed as if I were lying upon the sand, when a shadow fell upon my face, a stench to my nostrils and a weight upon my breast. A vulture had settled down in my dream, and with the first tear of his beak I awoke to the pain of my wounds. There was something strange in the air. It was the silence and the dusk.

"Yes, major," the surgeon was saying, "we won the fight, and I don't think there are enough niggers on the island to give us another; but we took a horrible beating to turn the trick. . . . There, don't talk. You accumulated a half-dozen flesh-wounds—holding the men game. It was your busy day."

"Where's the body of—of the marine?" I faltered.

"The niggers dragged it back into the jungle—after their first charge."

I tried to hold fast upon normal things, because I was afraid of the vulture waiting in delirium, but the surgeon's voice travelled farther and farther, and the young stars slipped from my eyes. . . . The remnant of my four companies was relieved by the Little White Chief and safe in Manila again, before my brain swung back into the rhythm of men. Manila arose to do us honor; and until I verged unto madness from the repetition, the survivors related how "the major, all shot to hell, staggered up and down the front, keeping our blood in circulation."

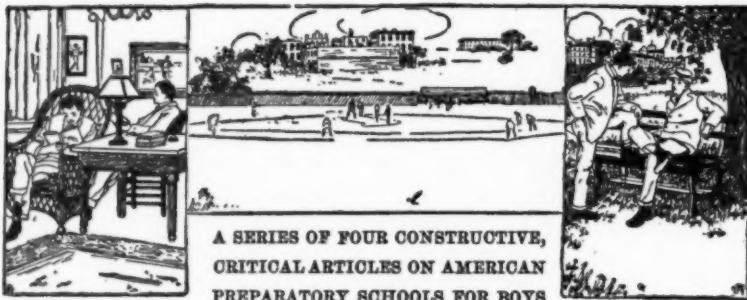
The tale became a veritable haunt to me, because I knew how my country, and the lives of those same brave boys, measured in the crisis against the inner attraction of a friend. When I think it all over again, red spots fly like little blurred disks across my wall, and I hunger for the time when the whole shall be wiped out of mind, as the horrid litter of that fight was covered by the all-digesting sand.



## A CALIFORNIA NIGHT

BY WILLIAM H. FROST

A CRESCENT moon in a purple sky;  
No sound, from crag to rill,  
Save the whispering night-winds in the palm,  
And the fountain's sluggish spill.



## EDUCATING OUR BOYS\*

BY JOSEPH M. ROGERS

### FOURTH PAPER—SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

**I**N the previous articles of this series some of the merits and some of the shortcomings of private secondary education have been considered. It remains to discuss the whole subject in a larger manner, for what affects the private school affects also the public school, its competitor.

That the subject is of growing interest is shown by the increasing attention paid to it by the greatest educators of the country. In a recent address one of the most eminent of them declared that the progress and prosperity of the whole country were absolutely bound up in secondary education. The figures already given sufficiently demonstrate this. There are almost a million boys and girls pursuing academic studies in the secondary schools of the country, while there are less than two hundred thousand in superior educational institutions. It is impossible to say how many of the latter are wholly engaged in academic study, but probably the total is not more than thirty thousand, and it may be a great deal less. The rest are enrolled in professional and technical schools.

The bulk of academic preparation for professional and technical

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\* What is termed primary education includes all to the close of the grammar grades. Secondary education is such as is supplied in high schools and boarding-schools and academies preparatory for college. Higher, or superior, education includes college or university academic courses as well as much of the professional training.



study falls, therefore, on the secondary schools. So great is the decline in the study of the "liberal arts and sciences" that it has alarmed university and college presidents. The views of President Schurman, of Cornell University, as given in his official report for last year, are here quoted not only because of his personal position in the educational world, but because Cornell in a singular manner represents and leads progressive movements in every branch of pedagogy. Dr. Schurman says:

"The spirit of the age is not favorable to the notion of liberal culture. There is a chasm between the Idealism of Athens and the Industrialism of America. Our youth frequent the gainful occupations. Our colleges of arts decline, while the scientific and technical schools are overcrowded. This is a tendency of the *Zeitgeist* which makes itself felt in every university and college in the country. All the more necessary, of course, that our faculties of liberal arts should uphold the banner of disinterested truth, beauty, and humane culture.

"One result is inevitable. As our faculties of arts cease to hold firmly and clearly the conception of liberal education, they cannot blame the people for following their example and even discrediting that unknown object as an elegant superfluity or useless ornament.

"It may be expected that, pending the recovery of an acceptable definition of liberal education, the colleges of arts in America will perform three definite functions: (1) they will give an education in the liberal arts and pure science to the comparatively small number of men who seek it before entering schools of theology, law, medicine, or technology; (2) they will train specialists in language, philosophy, history, economics, politics, and physical science, most of whom after graduation will devote themselves to teaching or writing; (3) they will give a more general education to men who will afterwards devote themselves to business, journalism, the public service, etc."



Here is a distinct admission from high authority that the college of the liberal arts has ceased to perform its functions. And there are plenty of statistics to prove this, if proof be necessary. In Cornell only eighteen per cent are in what we used to call "college," and even this statement of percentage is misleading. Figures for other institutions show in some cases a larger percentage, but it is also more apparent than real because of a peculiar system of classification.

The demonstrated fact that there is nothing to fill this void except the secondary schools is of vast importance in this discussion. Of the million boys and girls in the secondary schools of this country, only a

negligible percentage go through the colleges of liberal arts—those incentives and aids to culture which have accomplished so much in the past.

We are thus confronted with the peculiar fact that the secondary schools, which are almost new institutions with us, have passed through a double process. Their scope has been widened so as to include a curriculum which will prepare the student for entering college, and at the same time boys and girls that attend the preparatory schools are refusing in ever increasing numbers to go to college, even though they demand a type of college training while in preparation for it. This anomaly does not seem to be apparent to many of our educators, or, if so, they have not been able to impress the fact upon the public. When parents complain that their children are compelled to study too hard, they are at the same time unwilling to accept anything less than the best final results. They seem to think there is some sort of pedagogical alchemy by which boys and girls can suddenly be transformed, or else that true knowledge and culture may be injected as with a hypodermic syringe.



It is not strange that parents are perplexed. Many are themselves without even secondary education, and even those who have had a college course cannot understand what a tremendous change has taken place in the last few years. The best educated students of the older school want their boys to be educated as they themselves were, and still get all the present-day scientific and technical training for the stern battle of competition. Because this cannot be accomplished in full, nor in any degree without tremendous effort, they think there is something wrong somewhere and blame the teachers. In consequence it is not remarkable that the boy, beset by fires on every side, pulled hither and thither, comes to look upon himself as a sort of football tossed back and forth between parents and teachers for the benefit of some one other than himself.

For it is distressing—discouraging—that parents cannot be made to understand what a serious problem education is, how vast and complicated is the subject, and how much the success of their children depends upon the earnest thought which parents themselves put into the problem. The man who takes his son into his business watches over him with sedulous care: no detail is too slight to escape his observation, no amount of time and attention too great to bestow upon him so that he may in all respects learn the business in its petty details and its larger factors. But the same parent sends his boy to school and shuffles off his own paramount responsibilities upon the shoulders of the teacher, as he might present him with an umbrella. If the boy's marks

are good, he rejoices: if they are bad, he scolds the boy or the teacher or both and declares that boys do not learn as much as they did in his day—which is false in every particular. They may not be so well educated, but that is an entirely different proposition.

To the average parent, secondary education is a means to an end. The boy may be going to college or to technical school, in which case he is to get as good an equipment as possible. He may be going into business at the end of school, and hence he is to know a lot about figures and science. He does not stop to think that the boy may be getting his only chance of mental discipline, that if he is to be a cultivated and refined man, now is his best opportunity to absorb something and learn to absorb more. Usually he ignores the whole subject or else believes in self-made men, and considers experience the best university in the world. This it sometimes is, but it is also often the most disastrous. He cannot believe that there is any difference between knowledge and information, between education and culture. His mind is hazy about these distinctions, and in any event he considers them as of nothing worth, though he can tell the details of his own business to the last detail and considers them of fundamental importance.



We are met, then, with the further consideration that the secondary schools are called upon to do much of the work not only of the university and college, but of the home circle as well, and that at a time when the average mind is not ripe enough for the task. But since the condition exists, the great question remains as to what we are going to do about it. Things cannot remain as they are. They never do, and in pedagogy there is constant change. The evident need is for bolstering up secondary education in every way possible.

Probably the average reader of these articles will say that the high schools are the acme of perfection in secondary education, and that they have already solved the problem. It is not likely that any well informed parent or teacher will agree to this. High schools have their great and manifold advantages, considering the existing state of the public mind on the whole question of education. We could by no means dispense with them, but any person with the slightest understanding of the pedagogical situation is aware that they have all the defects of their qualities. It is not possible to expect from these public schools the highest development. In education the note of progress comes from the private schools, always has and always must.

We boast entirely too much of our public schools, as if we had discovered an automatic system which is working miracles daily without the interposition of any other factor than the paying of taxes. No

one denies the marvellous benefits of the public schools, but we are mistaken if we believe that the system is perfect or the best from an ideal standpoint. The poorest school may become the best if the pupil can and will make it so. Less depends upon equipment and curriculum and system than upon the individual, for it may be repeated that what is the best method of education for any single individual is not the best for any other individual in the whole world. The school is or should be a labor-saving device assisting the home circle. The parents who think that all the money, all the savants, all the science, and all the systems in the world are alone sufficient to develop and properly educate the average boy, are self deceived. The boy who does not get at home most of his education—using the term in its widest sense—is unfortunate. Some succeed over all obstacles and seemingly without any advantages, but these are few and the failures many. If you cut out the hearthstone, you eliminate that which nature and society have designated as the fundamental factor in education.



We are, then, compelled to face the fact that parents, as a rule, will not admit their full responsibilities; or admitting, will not discharge them. The State, the city, the teachers, are compelled to take up a work rejected by those who are best situated to perform it if they had only the willing mind. The parent measures the teacher by what he or she does for his child not only in mere text-book instruction but in the larger way in which the child is developed. Many of the ablest instructors, particularly in public schools, are unpopular because they refuse to take up the burden which parents attempt to impose upon them. Many of the most popular are those who act more as parents than as pedagogues. And parents ought to know at how great a cost of vitality and of personality this work of supererogation is performed. As a rule, they do not, and consider that it is part of the teacher's duty.

Leaving aside any discussion of conditions in the public schools, for the reason that they will eventually follow the lead of the best private schools, it is important that some remedial measures be taken.

We need more private schools, and we need them endowed so that not only boys of the rich or well-to-do may enjoy them.

There are five hundred titular colleges and universities in the country, but many have little right to the name, being rather glorified secondary schools. With the exception of a few State institutions, all have been founded and are maintained by private benevolence. It is doubtful if there is one of them which could get along without constant additions to equipment, endowment, or gifts to pay current expenses. The aggregate money value of these "plants" and endowments is in

the hundreds of millions, while that of the secondary schools is only a few millions. Here it is seen that the greatest good is being done to the smallest number. The average cost of maintaining a student at the average college, aside from what he pays out of his own pocket, is about two hundred dollars a year, to be provided out of endowment or current gifts. In consequence it is cheaper to send a boy to college than to secondary school, which is just the reverse of what it should be. Not that college education should be made more expensive—it already costs too much—but it is here asserted that aid should be given from the same sources which benefit college boys, to those in greater number who go to secondary school. We have seen that the average school cost at our sixty selected institutions is one thousand dollars, allowing for clothing and travelling expenses, and that the average individual cost is about seven hundred and fifty dollars, and the minimum four hundred dollars. Even the smaller sum is so large that it restricts the advantages of the best secondary education to a limited few, save for those eligibly situated near such a school, or those who hold the few existing scholarships in such institutions.

There ought to be many more endowed secondary schools, both boarding and non-boarding, in this country. There are a number of such institutions that have a fair equipment wholly donated and some endowment, but not one of them is anything like prepared to give the aid which is constantly asked by pupils of bright prospects, good mental equipment, and little means. There is practically only one secondary private school in this country that has an ample equipment and a large endowment, yet this is one of the most expensive for students.



It is not argued that these schools need an elaborate equipment. In general it is better that the "plant" be modest, and that most attention be paid to higher and better things. The boy from fourteen to twenty does not need elaborately constructed dormitories, nor is it necessary that he dine sumptuously in a magnificent hall. The more simplicity there is in the material environment, the better chance has the boy to develop esoterically. At the most impressionable time of life a boy does not need and ought not to have too much attention paid to the luxuries of life. No matter how he be situated financially or socially, he must, if he enter active life at all, have some knowledge of the relations of social forces to each other and of all the life of the country. He should learn that the value of life consists not in the abundance of things which he possesses. He ought to have the best opportunity to get the real perspective of life, to acquire that sense of proportion which will aid him in becoming a leader of men. It is

impossible, as a rule, for any one to develop without some obstacles, and a moderate amount of them is good for a boy. A great many are good for most of them.

There is need in every Congressional district for a well endowed secondary school where the best mentally equipped boys and girls may receive training. As we have already seen, this is the only training of the kind that most of them will ever get, and they ought to have the very best. Most young people, all things considered, can get it better away from home than otherwise, and they can get it reasonably enough if there is enough philanthropy in this country to produce the endowment. Most of the recent additional expense in the great colleges and universities is because of the new curricula in technical training. These courses are not needed in the secondary schools. It ought to be possible for almost any bright boy to get an education at such a school at an annual cost of not more than two hundred and fifty dollars, and there are thousands and thousands who cannot afford to pay that and for whom full scholarships should be provided.



Looking through the catalogues of nearly all of the sixty schools mentioned, there is in every one a demand for better equipment, even by those schools which are commonly called proprietary. Few of the latter make anything more than a moderate living for the principals, and in some it is noted that some building or gymnasium or even dormitory has been erected by a former student or as a memorial to one. Endowments of colleges come mostly from former students. It is true that a few men in this country who have never had a higher education have given vast sums to found or aid colleges, but the great mass of the donations come from alumni, and generally from those of comparatively modest estate. And it is a little disheartening that these should do so much for superior and so little for secondary schools, since they owe at least as great an obligation to the latter as to the former. Possibly they are moved by vanity in erecting monuments in the precincts of their alma mater, where their munificence is more apparent.

The man with a million dollars to give to education can get better results by dividing it up into scholarships among a score of secondary schools than by erecting a gorgeous dormitory for a university, and he will have a more enduring, if not so palpable a monument.

There seems some need for a readjustment of the curriculum of secondary schools so that it should not be so largely based on college entrance qualifications. The latter cannot be ignored, but at a time when so many boys are not going to college a differentiation could be arranged so as to broaden the culture and lessen the amount of useless



work, while more time may be given to developing the imaginative faculty.

It is no argument against this to say that this is a practical age, and that one must prepare for a business life which keeps us active most of the day in tasks into which the maximum of mental and physical effort is injected, so that we have no time for poetry or sentimental nonsense. If a boy is to become simply a business machine and nothing else, we had better at once close all our schools except those devoted to commercial instruction. The fact seems to be forgotten that the great men of the world in every age have been idealists, dreamers. It is "the glorious gift of imagination" which makes man truly great. He must divine the future, whether it have to do with an empire or a labor-saving machine. He must conceive material things and social conditions before they exist. The great cathedral, the mighty bridge, the great painting, the scientific invention, and the moral propaganda are solely the result of imagination.

We see some important thing accomplished, and wonder that some one had not thought of it before. We look at a sky-scraper and in admiration say that it is a noble pile of steel and stone and cement, when in fact it is as much a work of the imagination as a poem or a symphony. The great things in this world are created in the mind of man. Every boy should be trained to become creative, no matter in what groove his life may run.

Our boys need to grow up with more opportunity for thinking on their own account. Any teacher will tell you that the boy who, given a problem differing somewhat from those in the book, can work it out by means of original thought, accomplishes much more for his lasting good than he who simply follows rules. It is the glory of our secondary schools that they are developing this quality in boys, and they ought to have a chance to do a great deal more of it. This takes time, which is the greatest factor in any problem.



This takes us back to the amount of time expended in study, as explained in a former article. Experience has shown that the private schools with their average of no more than one hundred and fifty days a year devoted to original study accomplish as much, so far as examinations for entering college are a test, as do the schools where two hundred days are devoted to the same studies. Wherefore, one might say, it is useless to send a boy to the school with the longer terms. If he gets as much in one hundred and fifty as in two hundred days, by all means choose the shorter period.

If to enter college were all that is expected of secondary education,  
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this argument might seem sound. But we have seen that this is more largely a theoretical matter than a practical end, and, besides, it eliminates from consideration the greater number of students who do not even finish the secondary courses. Every year boys are left down because of too much pressure, when they might have gotten along very well with a longer school year. In the public high school the courses are established for the average boy, and it is the brighter ones who get the most advantage. In the private school, on the contrary, it is the brightest boys who set the pace, and the poorer ones are urged in every way to keep up with them. As a result, many of the boys in private school take five and even six years, instead of four, to complete preparation for college, when under proper conditions it could easily have been accomplished in four.

There is no just reason why the average boy or girl should not start to school early in September and remain until the middle or latter part of June, with two very brief vacation periods.



When as boys we were assigned to do some chores and attempted to carry twice as much wood as was reasonably possible or to put too many potatoes into a bag, we were told that we carried "a lazy man's load." That is to say, we were so anxious to get through a disagreeable task that we would rather suffer stress for a short time than take our work normally. That is exactly the case with many private schools. At the demand of parents, they are making the boys carry intellectually a lazy man's load. Such parents assume a grave responsibility for this fact. Their action is largely prompted by an unwillingness to have their social engagements interrupted, and as a result the boy is permitted to suffer.

To have a boy at home three weeks at Christmas time and two at Easter (or periods approaching these) is simply dividing up the year in a way that injures the boy's mind, makes concentrated application difficult, and compels him to resort to all sorts of stratagems and subterfuges to make good recitations and pass examinations. These impressive facts ought to be considered by all parents.

The point which more than any other is sought to be made by these articles is that the boy is being unjustly treated, albeit unwittingly, by those who should be his best friends, and to a large extent by those who know better or should know better. The average boy can put in thirty-nine or forty weeks a year at study with great benefit, considering the normal amount of recreation that can be secured during that time. This gives him plenty of time to digest what he learns and to get a better discipline of mind than in the shorter period. The boy does

not need mere facts stored away. There is an abundance of encyclopædias and hand-books of reference for the purpose. But he does want his mind ploughed and harrowed and sown and cultivated until he can reap a rich crop. He needs time for this. He needs encouragement, he needs inspirations, and he needs to have his ideals expanded. The idealism of youth is its greatest asset. At present our schools do most to develop the adolescent mind, and the measure of their success marks the progress of the nation.

I shall perhaps be laughed at or misunderstood when I say that the boy needs more time for poetry. In this age such a statement seems an anachronism. How many boys nowadays read poetry except under compulsion? How many books of verse do booksellers dispose of in a year? I can remember when every cultivated family had prominently on the book table copies of Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow, or even Byron; when "Paradise Lost" was really read, and when the appearance of a book of verse by one of the great poets was considered an event in the cultured world. It is no argument to say that there are no more poets. That, if true, is a misfortune, but we have plenty of the best poetry by the older masters, which is not read by the rising generation. A course in Shakespearean literary anatomy or a few didactic dissections of poems, as often practised, is generally worse than nothing at all. It is wholly opposed to the poetic spirit. It makes a task of what should be the most delightful occupation in the world. The boy is not to be blamed for this. During his adolescent years he will read poetry with avidity if only he is initiated into its beauties, if only his tendencies are steered in the right direction. At the time the fires of youth are burning with intense heat, when the strongest of human passions, the greatest spurs to action, are being developed, he will, to his great benefit, feed these fires on good poetry if only he gets the proper inspiration.



After all, it is the poet who is the man of deeds. "The things which are seen are temporal: the things which are not seen are eternal." Homer (or the Homeric syndicate, if you please,) did more for Greece than Alexander; Æschylus and Sophocles more than Cimon or Themistocles. Vergil and Horace made Latin literature and a Roman empire, while Dante formed a united Italy long before Victor Immanuel knocked at the gates of Rome. Arndt is more entitled to be known as the father of the German Empire than either Bismarck or von Moltke, while Goethe and Schiller laid out the work even before the balladists began singing the songs of the people. The legions of Grant would never have been gathered save that Whittier sang and Lincoln gave us the grandest of poetry, albeit without versification.

When Wolfe, descending upon Quebec, announced that he would rather be the author of Gray's *Elegy* than victor of Canada he spoke a truth the essence of which has been echoed in the hearts of many great men. He was a prophet and seer who cared not who made the laws of a people so long as he might write their songs. We all of us need more poetry in our lives. It makes better husbands and better wives, better fathers and better mothers. It is the light shining in the darkness of the soul, which illumines and satisfies and removes the dread incubus of worry.

In our ignorance and boastfulness and stupidity we sneer at the people of the Far East as being dreamers—an impracticable and lazy sort of people who are content to live in degradation. Yet out of the East has come every world religion, and religion is the mightiest power in the world. The East is the home of poetry, of romance and action. That mysterious section has had a dominating power over the West even when popularly despised. It drew Alexander and Lucullus, Pompey and Mark Antony. It beckoned the Crusaders by unnumbered myriads. It developed and perfected the arts and sciences when Europe for centuries was submerged in barbarism and intellectual sloth. It tempted Napoleon, and to-day every great nation of the world is a-hungered for a slice of Asia. It is the battleground of history, and by many looked upon as the coming battlefield of Armageddon. But the East, even when in chains, has ever conquered the West. Captivity has led captive because of the impelling force of imagination which knows no swords, no prison bars. It was with this in mind that Shakespeare wrote:

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted.

The voice of the Bard of All Time needs to be heard in "these practical days." Let us cultivate the soul more, even if it were necessary (which is not the case) to neglect our general intelligence for a little. Who would not rather be a Shakespeare than a Cæsar; a Victor Hugo than a Napoleon; a Bryant than a Genghis Khan? Perhaps none of us can expect to be like any of these in full measure, but if only we possess the right ideals, we shall in some measure accomplish our desires.

In these articles, written for the purpose of stimulating parents and teachers to better things in education, there may be a note which is seemingly of a destructive character, but such has not been the intention.

The private schools are doing splendid work, and they are to be encouraged in every way. Their shortcomings are largely the result of popular misconception, and it is for this reason that this effort is being made to awaken parents and teachers to a higher sense of their mutual responsibilities. The noble band of men and women engaged in secondary education are the peers of any men and women in the world. Their labors are intense, their responsibilities abnormally heavy, they are underpaid, and their greatest handicap is that so often they must work against the ignorance and prejudices of patrons who want bricks made without straw, but insist on the full tale at the end of every session.

These teachers know best what can be done; they wish to do it, but they never can accomplish the best results until they have the hearty and intelligent coöperation of all forces involved, to the end that the youth of this country may go forth to the duties of life "thoroughly furnished to all good works."



## WHAT GOLD CANNOT BUY

BY MARGARET ERSKINE

I OFFERED my gold and silver,  
I offered my house and lands—  
All I possessed—to purchase  
But a grain of the Sandman's sands  
He keeps for the eyes of children  
Who, when the shadows creep,  
He lays in the arms of twilight,  
To rock to the Land Asleep.

But gold would not buy his treasures,  
Nor silver, nor house and lands.  
No goods of the world can purchase  
A grain of the Sandman's sands;  
But only a soul unfearing,  
Only a heart new born,  
Only a faith unbroken,  
Only a trust unsworn.

Only for these the Sandman  
Opens his generous hands  
And gives with unstinting measure  
The grains of his priceless sands.

# THE DELUSION OF GIDEON SNELL

*By James Raymond Perry*

I HAD not visited Mayville for twenty years, but now, chancing to travel through the section in which the village was located, I felt a sudden longing to stay over for a day and take a look at the old town. My train arrived at three o'clock on an October afternoon, and the first object that caught my eye was the modern affair of stone and brick which had replaced the old wooden structure with which I was familiar. Two or three other new buildings in the immediate vicinity gave the town a different aspect from that of the old days; but when I had passed up the principal street a short distance I found the changes were so slight that I could have believed it not more than twenty days, rather than twenty years, since I had been there.

The exterior of the old hotel looked the same as when I last saw it—even to the somewhat dingy paint; though I suppose it must have had several new coats since then.

A new clerk stood behind the desk in the hotel office, but that was about the only change I noticed. The same old pictures hung on the walls; the same old stove stood on its bed of sand; the same old chairs were ranged around; and I doubted not that when evening came the same old idlers—such as were left—would assemble to smoke, discuss politics, and gossip about the town affairs.

I inquired of the clerk if Shelby Bowker still lived on the old Bowker place, and was told that he did. Bowker had been my most intimate companion during the last part of the two years I spent in Mayville; so I determined to go out and see him and renew our long-interrupted friendship. I had received no word from him since I left, neither of us being much given to letter-writing. In fact, through all these years I had no news at all from the town.

The Bowker place was some two miles from the village—just a pleasant distance for a walk that crisp afternoon. So, declining the clerk's proffer of a conveyance, I started forth.

Not far from the hotel I passed the house where Amy Bliss had lived, and I wondered if she lived there still. Probably not. Probably



she had married and moved elsewhere—perhaps far away from Mayville. After twenty years I still recalled the graces of Amy's face and form, and felt in my breast a feeble twinge of pain and a vague sense of loss. All these years I had remained a bachelor, and it made me feel a bit homesick and lonesome to see the house where I had courted Amy.

The village was soon left behind, and thereafter only an occasional house was seen by the roadside. The bushes along the way stood thicker and higher than formerly, and in places whole groves of pine trees had grown up.

I knew that about a mile out from the village a foot-path diverged from the road, and that by following this to Bowker's place a considerable distance would be cut off. I had approached the spot where the path began when I noticed in front of me a lad carrying a short fishing-rod. In one hand he held a forked stick on which were strung four or five small fishes. He was sauntering along leisurely, and I soon overtook him.

As I approached he turned his face towards me, and I noticed a birthmark on his left cheek. Though it was n't large, it was noticeable. The mouth instantly weakened into a helpless little laugh when he saw me, and, without waiting for me to speak, he said, "Hello!" in a peculiarly thin, high voice. I felt sure at once that he was not quite right mentally.

I said "Good afternoon," and was for passing by, but he quickened his step to keep pace with mine. After the manner of weak-minded persons, he appeared to be fond of hearing his own voice. Within a moment of our meeting he was telling me, with ill-concealed pride, of his great skill as a fisherman, and exhibited his poor little catch as evidence.

When he saw me turn towards the foot-path, he turned also, and asked: "Be you going to Snell's or Bowker's?"

"To Bowker's," I said.

"I thought maybe you might be going to Snell's. I'm Snell's Gideon. Do you know Bowker?" he went on.

I replied that I knew him twenty years ago, but had n't seen him since. "I suppose you know him, don't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I know him," he said.

"Is he married?" I asked.

I glanced back as I put the question, and saw a curious look on the weak face.

"Not now," he said.

"Did his wife die?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, she died all right enough," he answered, and his helpless laugh broke unpleasantly on my ears.

I turned and looked at the lad, and said sharply: "What are you laughing at? What do you mean when you say that 'she died all right enough'?"

The boy glanced around him as if to make sure no one was lurking in the bushes by the path, and then said in a half whisper: "She was murdered."

"Murdered!" I exclaimed. "Who murdered her?"

"Oh, I guess old Bowker did," he said. His words were careless enough now, and he spoke in his former high and peculiar tone, for the path, which had been bordered with bushes, had passed up to an open field.

He was garrulous enough now, and as we walked along he related a strange tale. I gathered from his not always quite intelligible talk that about two years before the wife of Shelby Bowker had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. A fruitless search was made, and when no trace of her could be found, there arose suspicion of foul play. It transpired that the girl who had worked for the Bowkers had seen husband and wife start for the village by way of the foot-path directly after breakfast one morning. That was the last seen of Mrs. Bowker by any one except her husband. The latter's story was that they started out together, his wife with the purpose of going on an errand to Snell's, and he with the intention of going to the village. Where the path branched off towards the Snell place, she left him; and he never saw her afterward.

"And was no trace of her ever found?" I asked of the lad.

"Naw, they never found nothin' of her," was his reply. "Bowker he said she'd went crazy and walked into the river, like as not. Allowed she'd been actin' queer for a day or two, but he thought she'd got over it that mornin'."

"Did they drag the river?" I asked.

The lad nodded, but I was n't sure that he fully understood my meaning.

"She did n't go crazy," pursued the half-witted fellow, more interested in that part of the story than in my question. "Old Bowker knocked her on the head."

"How do you know he knocked her on the head?" I asked in a rather severe tone.

"'Cause he did," the boy answered stolidly. "That's the way anybody'd do."

I could n't help a feeling of repulsion for the lad when he uttered the cold-blooded words. I felt certain that if any one weaker than himself were to offend him, he would not hesitate to "knock him on the head" if opportunity offered.

"Well, if he killed her, what did he do with the body?" I asked.

The boy looked at me cunningly.

"That's where old Bowker had a level head," he said. "He pitched her into the quicksand, and it swallowed her up."

"The quicksand?" I repeated. "There is no quicksand in this part of the country."

The lad's face was expressionless. Whether I believed him or not was apparently a matter of indifference to him.

"Did yer see that gopher?" he exclaimed suddenly, pointing up the path. He seemed to have lost all interest in the Bowker question.

We had reached a fork in the path now, and the boy turned off on the branch that led, presumably, to "Snell's." I kept to the straight path which led up to Bowker's.

I had gone only a little distance when I heard the boy's high voice piping to me. I turned and saw him back where the path forked.

"Look out an' not get inter the quicksand!" he shouted, and then disappeared.

"You little liar!" I muttered. "If you had n't made up that yarn about the quicksand, I might have suspected that there was truth in the story."

A little later I was standing at the door of Shelby Bowker's residence. Externally, the old place was little changed. The trees around the house were somewhat larger, and where formerly had been a flower garden was now a neglected patch. Otherwise things looked much the same.

Bowker himself had changed more than his surroundings, though I should have known him had I met him anywhere. His splendid, large brown eyes, once seen, were not easily forgotten. The brown hair had grown quite gray, and there were lines around the eyes and mouth that were not there twenty years before. He moved slowly when he walked, and explained later that he was a victim of rheumatism in the right leg.

He knew me at once, and greeted me with flattering cordiality. When he learned that my bag was at the hotel, nothing would do but that he must send a man to get it.

"You must be my guest while you are in town," he said.

When we entered the dining-room a half-hour later, I saw that covers were laid for but two. A rather pretty young woman came in to wait upon us. She was the wife of the man who worked on the place, my friend explained during one of her temporary absences in the kitchen.

"And have you never become a benedict?" I found occasion to ask.

Bowker smiled. "No," he said; "I've remained a bachelor so far, and am likely to to the end."

After dinner we went into Bowker's snug little library, where in past years he and I had spent many happy hours together.

The weather had changed, and it was raining now. We could hear the autumn tempest pelting against the pane; it seemed very cozy and comfortable sitting there, with our pipes and glasses, and the wood fire that the young woman had set to blazing on the hearth.

The hours flew by, while first one and then the other recalled some incident of the past. Bowker seemed the same good fellow that I had known twenty years ago, and he was as ready with his wit and beaming smile as he had been then.

"And what's become of Amy Bliss?" I asked at last.

"Amy Bliss?" repeated Bowker. "Oh, she married about two years after you went away. She and her husband moved out West somewhere—Colorado, I think. I used to hear of her occasionally, but I've heard nothing for a dozen years now."

"I used to think she liked you better than me, and that I might have won her if it had n't been for you," I said. I could speak of the matter now without a pang. I had never had any feeling against Bowker, for he had made no effort to win her while I was in the field. Indeed, he had seemed cold and indifferent to her. In those days I had thought his very indifference piqued her and made her all the more eager to gain his attention and admiration.

Bowker smiled. "I don't think she was very fond of me," he said. "She was a pretty girl, though, and any man might have felt flattered to gain her love."

When the flow of reminiscence had begun to diminish, I happened to think of the lies the Snell boy had related on the way from the village, and I laughed aloud. "I beg your pardon, Shelby," I said; "but I was thinking of a weird tale a half-witted lad whom I ran across on the way out told about you. He said that some two years ago your wife disappeared, and that you were suspected of murdering her. He announced it as his opinion that you knocked her on the head and then threw her body in a bed of quicksand."

As I proceeded, a smile gathered on Bowker's face, and when I mentioned the quicksand he laughed, though not very heartily.

"The boy had a birthmark on one cheek, had n't he?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"That is Gideon Snell. He's a rather bright idiot or a very dull boy, whichever way you care to put it. He's the most famous liar in the county. The yarns that he tells about various people in the vicinity are the most ludicrous and impossible things imaginable. How he ever thinks them up is a mystery.

"Do you remember Arthur Watson? He was a young lawyer, just starting in when you left here, you know. Well, this Snell lad related

to me, one time, down to the minutest detail, a story about how Watson had been found in his office one morning, bound hand and foot and gagged, and how robbers had looted his safe and made off with more than two thousand dollars in cash and securities worth about twelve thousand dollars more. There was n't a word of truth to it. And so Gideon has made me kill an imaginary wife and hide her body in an imaginary bed of quicksand!" And Bowker laughed merrily. "Why, there is n't any quicksand within five hundred miles of here, that I know of," he added.

"What did you think when he was spinning his yarn?" he asked, looking at me with frank eyes. "Did you think your old friend had really turned criminal?"

"No; I knew the lad was lying," I said. "He related some impossible fish stories before he began to exercise his imagination on you."

It was late when we retired that night, and it was late the next morning before I arose. The storm had passed, and things looked bright and fresh in the sunlight. Bowker was up before me, and greeted me with a cheery smile when I came down to breakfast.

He was much distressed when the hired man announced that the horse had been taken ill in the night, and that it would be impossible to drive to the station.

"It looks very inhospitable, my dear fellow, packing you off on foot, with grip in hand," Bowker said in a regretful tone. "If I had a neighbor near by whom I could call on, you should not walk. And, at all events, you should n't walk alone if I had the use of my limbs."

I told him not to feel distressed; that a walk that bright morning would not be unwelcome, and my only regret was that his disability prevented my enjoying his company a little longer.

"Take the foot-path," he shouted from the door as I was passing through the gate. "It'll save you quite a distance. Good-by!" And so we parted.

The foot-path passed down through a valley not far from the Bowker place, and a bend in the river brought the shore up to within less than a furlong's space. As I approached the bottom of the little valley I heard a tumult of excited cries and laughter. Pushing through the bushes that bordered the path, I saw a group of five or six boys a few rods away, gazing at some object in front of them. As I drew nearer, one of the boys seized another who was a little in advance of the rest, and shouted: "Look out, Jack! You'll get in yourself, if you don't take care!"

Then I saw what they were looking at. A few feet beyond, slowly sinking in an ooze of sand and mud, was a wretched yellow cur. Only the head and shoulders and the forepaws were now above the surface.

The poor creature would remain quiet for a moment, and then struggle to extricate himself, but each effort was more feeble than the last, and he was plainly much exhausted. Slowly but surely his body was being engulfed in the treacherous compound. He was n't a pretty dog, but he had one fine feature—a pair of beautiful dark eyes; and they were now looking piteously and imploringly up at the callous faces of the youngsters.

"How did he get in there, boys?" I asked.

"We caught him and threwed him in," replied one of the larger ones with a grin, as if it was a joke that I could relish.

I looked about me, but there was nothing in sight that I could use to aid the poor creature. I recalled seeing a plank beside the path a little distance back, and ran back for it; but it was farther than I had thought, and when I returned, dragging the board, the surface of the bed was smooth. A bubble or two out on the wet surface was all that was left to show where the dog had been swallowed up.

The boys had gone. I could hear them screaming and shouting as they ran down the path towards the town.

I turned away from the spot, sick at heart. For a moment I halted, irresolute, debating whether I should not return to the house and demand of Shelby Bowker how it was that he was ignorant that there was a bed of quicksand within a half-mile of his home.

Then I turned and hurried towards the village, which I reached just in time to board the train. The train passed out in the direction of the Bowker place, and at one point it went by an open field, whence I could look up and see the white walls and chimneys of my old friend's house, standing behind its group of half-denuded trees.

"Is that you, Frank Dawson?"

I looked up at the question, and saw a gentleman in the car aisle, with his hand extended, and a smile on his face.

"I am Frank Dawson," I answered; "and your face looks familiar, but I can't place you."

"Don't you remember Arthur Watson?" he asked.

"I should say I did!" was my rejoinder, and I grasped the proffered hand. He said he had seen me as I was getting on the train, and thought I looked like some one he knew; then after a little it flashed upon him who I was, and he came over to speak to me. After a few questions, he asked where I had stayed in Mayville.

I told him.

"Ah, yes; I remember you and Bowker were great friends." I noticed there was some constraint in his tone when he mentioned Bowker's name.

"Tell me about him," I said. "I have reason to believe there is some mystery that I have n't fathomed."



"You haven't heard, then? Well, it's a sad story. Bowker did n't get along well with his wife——"

"He was married, then?" I interrupted in some surprise.

"Yes—sixteen or eighteen years ago, I should say. For several years they appeared to live together happily enough, but after a time the village heard vague rumors of quarrels between them, and about two years ago she suddenly disappeared. No trace of her was ever found. Bowker expressed the opinion that she had roamed away in a fit of dementia, and flung herself into the river. Repeated draggings of the river revealed nothing, however, and common gossip offers a more probable and far more grewsome solution of the mystery."

"Foul play?"

"Yes; the belief is pretty general that Bowker murdered his wife and threw the body into a bed of quicksand not far from his home. Some attempt was made to search the bed, but no thorough search could be made in the shifting sands, and nothing was discovered. There is no tangible evidence to support the theory, and I should dislike very much to base a personal opinion upon any evidence that is at hand; but the belief, nevertheless, is most persistent that Mrs. Bowker found her grave, either through foul play or accident, in the bed of quicksand. Those who hold to this theory say that in no other way could she have passed so utterly from all human ken. That it was an accident is unlikely, they say, as the location of the quicksand was well known to her."

"I don't remember to have ever heard of the place when I lived here," I said.

"No, its presence was unsuspected till about twelve years ago. It was discovered by Bowker himself, who nearly lost his own life in it at the time."

"Bowker was never tried, I suppose?"

"No; the grand jury returned no indictment. There was practically no evidence, and the *corpus delicti* could not be proven."

I was silent.

"Since his wife's disappearance," proceeded Watson, "Bowker rarely comes into the village. He claims to have rheumatism in one leg; but that is believed to be merely an excuse for not leaving his home. It is well known he has been addicted to the use of opium for years, and no one knows when to believe what he says and when not to."

The train was slowing up at the next station beyond Mayville.

"This is where I get off," said the lawyer, and he rose to leave.

"By the way," I asked, as he was leaving, "whom did Bowker marry—any one I knew?"

"Why, yes; you must have known her. Her name was Amy Bliss."

# A HUNDRED DOLLARS DOWN

*By Anna Wharton Morris*

## I.

THE gloom of the long second-story corridor was unbroken, except where the stairs descended. When Alice reached this blessed point of daylight her attention was caught by a large white placard, conspicuously nailed against the wall. It read:

A HUNDRED DOLLARS DOWN  
for the person who returns to the hotel office

A LADY'S GOLD RING,  
made in the form of a serpent holding a spinel ruby in its mouth.

All thought of her own affairs vanished before this simple announcement. She forgot Harold, her fiancé, whom she had left; and her sick mother, whom she had brought; she even forgot her fear of going down to dinner alone.

Suddenly, and with the sharpness of a pistol-shot, a door close to the placard was flung open, and a tall man dashed out.

Alice and he were thus brought face to face, both startled. She stammered, "Oh, excuse me!" and was immediately ashamed of having spoken. He examined her with a quick glance, then smiled pleasantly, and, saying, "No harm done," walked downstairs.

This abrupt encounter made an impression on the lonely girl out of all proportion to its importance. She knew how it would have pained Harold, who had never in his life been abrupt.

When she went into the dining-room she could n't help noticing the tall man, for his seat was near the door; and she could n't help blushing, for he was looking straight at her. His lean, dark face held no marks of youth, except the eager eyes, which missed nothing.

Night after night, as Alice went to dinner, she felt the unescapable eyes; but she never saw his eyes or him during the day. There proved to be no one in the hotel whom she cared to know, except a Miss Potter, who formed the habit of chatting with her.

The only way she could baffle her homesickness was to walk, and one day her enthusiasm over the wooded slopes carried her farther than she intended, and brought her to the prettiest glen that mortal ever saw.

She sat right down on the moss, in full enjoyment of the beautiful nook. As her hand rested beside her, it touched something, something harder than the moss. And when she looked under her hand the something glittered. She picked it up—and in her palm lay a lady's gold ring, in the form of a serpent holding a spinel ruby in its mouth.

To find such a toy of civilization in a mountain solitude seemed positively weird. So the nameless lady must have sat just where Alice was sitting now! She cleaned the ring with her handkerchief, and slipped it on her finger. It fitted her, and made a strikingly handsome ornament. When she should be married she might ask Harold—but no, he would never consent to copy such an unconventional ring as that. And she sighed. Anyhow, she had the pleasure of wearing it all the way back to the hotel.

Marching straight to the office, she gave it safely into the hands of the head-clerk.

"There has been great anxiety about this ring," said the business-like tones of the clerk. "You will please come to me to-morrow for the reward."

She grew red. She had forgotten. A hundred dollars down! How humiliating, how vulgar! "I do not wish any reward," she said with dignity.

The clerk showed no emotion, but volunteered that the owner would insist upon giving it. "Then," said Alice excitedly, "she must never know who found the ring. I would n't be mixed up with this money for anything. Promise not to say a word that could lead to my discovery! You must promise, please."

And the clerk was enough impressed to promise.

The following day her mother's nurse needed a hot-water bag, and as there was no store nearer than the foot of the mountain, Alice went down in the old stage. She amused herself about the funny little village until time for the return trip, when she clambered into the stage again, her arms full of bundles.

Sinking out of breath on the horsehair seat, she found herself looking into the eyes of the man at whose chamber-door she had stood. He was the only other passenger. The poor girl felt an unreasonable impulse to get out again, but the horses had already started.

She struggled hard to calm herself, to appear perfectly indifferent; but just as she succeeded, she caught sight of his hand, and on his little finger shone the ring which had adorned her own hand only the day before. She could not suppress a start of surprise.

"You recognize the advertised ring?" he said. "I was mighty fortunate ever to see it again."

"But it's a lady's ring!" she answered involuntarily. Then added, "Oh, excuse me!" and turned away in hot confusion.

But if she had finished, he had not. As the stage rumbled on its way, his smile grew broader.

"Do you know, that's the second time you've asked me to excuse you, and all for nothing. It's useless to put on formalities with me."

She wanted to feel outraged, but she did n't.

"What's the sense," he asked pleasantly, "of thinking you can't speak to any one without an introduction? My name is Robert Burke, and you are Miss Alice Dixon—so now it's just the same as if we'd been introduced."

"I'm afraid not," said Alice, timidly smiling.

"Indeed, it's better than many introductions," he added, "because we really want to know each other."

She was indignant at the assumption.

"Why," he continued, "an introduction without previous knowledge is as empty as a marriage ceremony without previous love."

She began to blush, but, seeing that he was perfectly natural and in earnest, she found herself saying, "But you'll admit the necessity of the marriage ceremony!"

She felt she had achieved an easy triumph, until he answered, "Only publicly. It means nothing between the individuals. If I did n't know that the woman I wanted would stick to me without a ceremony, I would n't have her with a ceremony."

All Alice's home standards arose in solemn warning. She looked across the distant slopes, then suddenly asked, "Is it your theory that's convincing, or only your manner?"

"That's one on me," he shouted. "But judge for yourself. A ceremony of marriage or of introduction is only words. It's what's underneath that counts. There are plenty of girls who willingly live on words alone. It's all they want or understand. But you're not that sort."

She looked at him in frank astonishment. "What *do* you mean? You don't know anything about me."

"Don't I?"—he smiled kindly, parentally. "Can you suppose I don't know anything about you, when I have daily seen recognition in your eyes, in your blush? When I have witnessed the struggle between your assumed propriety and your real self?"

It was too much. She could n't stand it. None of her own friends said such things. All at once she realized the impossibility of remaining another minute shut up with this extraordinary person. So, calling sharply to the driver to stop, she said she would walk the rest of the way. Upon this the masculine passenger cried cheerfully, "Good heavens, child! If you really don't want my company, I'm the one to walk." And he was out before she could say a word.

She felt very uncomfortable about it, knowing that the command

not to talk to any one without an introduction was the very rock basis of society, its chief strength and bulwark. Yet this man had such a curious effect upon her that such considerations seemed trivial, even unworthy.

Thereafter, she never looked toward his table in the dining-room. This was very difficult, but if their eyes had met she would inevitably have smiled; and her unchaperoned state and Mrs. Dixon's orders made recognition impossible.

Thus the matter rested, until Sunday morning brought another surprise. When Alice stepped out on the piazza ready for church, Miss Potter was lying in wait for her, side by side with the interesting man!

Miss Potter put her hand on Alice's arm, saying, "Good morning, Miss Dixon. Is n't it a perfect day! I want to introduce Mr. Burke to you, may I? Mr. Burke, Miss Dixon. Now you must pardon me for hurrying off to church, or I'll be late." And away she went, unnoticed by the couple, who were laughingly shaking hands.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Burke," said Alice.

"Are you, indeed?" he responded gravely. "I was glad to meet you, Miss Dixon, five days ago. But never mind. Now we've settled that little affair, will you take a walk with me?"

"I was going to church," she answered weakly.

"So I judged," he said. "In fact, I built on that, and got Miss Potter to wait here for you."

"Then you mean, will I walk to church with you?"

"No, I don't mean anything of the kind," he said pleasantly. "I never go, because there's so much service at church that I have no chance to worship."

Though his words sounded blasphemous to her orthodox ears, the expression of his face was reverent enough.

He continued briskly, "But to return to my question. Will you take a walk with me?"

For an instant she wavered, then gave him a straightforward smile with her "Yes, thank you."

Alice left her parasol, prayer-book, and gloves inside, and had a delightful feeling that she had also laid aside all mental encumbrances.

"So you have more faith in me," he began, "since Miss Potter stands my sponsor. But what do you know about Miss Potter?"

"Oh," said Alice gaily, "she says her grandmother was a Cookman."

His eyes twinkled. "This is the first time I knew that one's grandmother being a Cookman made one innocuous. Does a grandfather serve as well?"

"You're making fun of me," she said.

"Honor bright! *My* grandfather was a Cookman."

"No!" she cried. "Then you're——"

"Miss Potter's cousin."

"How nice!" said she.

"Now, seriously," he asked, "why does that fact give you any satisfaction, Miss Dixon?"

"Because it's something definite to tell my mother," said Alice truthfully.

"Oh, your mother. It's too bad she's ill. And you spend every evening in her room."

"How do you know that?" Alice opened round eyes.

"I surmised so, because I searched for you unsuccessfully three nights running."

"Well, since you know where I spend my evenings, perhaps you'll tell me where you spend your days."

"In the woods," he said simply, in secret enjoyment of the revelation made by her inquiry.

"Shooting?" she asked innocently.

"No, thank God! I have n't that on my conscience."

Here the road curved, and Burke flung his arm out in a great free gesture toward the magnificent view below them. She stopped, athrill with exhilaration, and both dropped down on a sentinel rock.

She breathed deep, filled with awe and wonder.

"Ah, yes," he said; "this is more inspiring than church."

The remark brought her back to earth. "But I ought to have gone," she sighed.

"No!" he exclaimed with some vehemence. "If you ought to have gone, you would have gone. But why do you say you ought to have gone?"

"Because my mother always likes me to."

He turned square round and looked at her. She wondered what on earth he was going to say. No man had ever raised her interest to such a pitch.

He knit his brows, asking abruptly, "How old are you?"

She gasped, feeling an impulse to be indignant, as she would with any one else. But she saw that the usual attitude would be utterly wasted on him. She saw that he expected a simple answer,—and he got it.

"I am twenty-four," she said.

"Twenty-four," he repeated thoughtfully. "That seems grown-up, mature, old enough to go your own way."

Now she was thoroughly aroused. "No, *not* old enough to go my own way, if that means disregarding my mother's wishes. I know," she continued, her cheeks scarlet, "you're talking about individualism!" (the word spoken with extreme scorn). "That's only another name for selfishness!"



Burke did not seem to notice how remarkably pretty the excitement made her. But his tone softened, as he said, "You mistake me, Miss Dixon. I said nothing about disregarding your mother's wishes, heaven help me! But religion is a deeper matter than mere wishes." He looked her in the face. "It is the bond between each person and his Maker."

Was this the man whom she had supposed to be less religious than the churchgoers? The discovery of her mistake was a revelation. It enabled her mind to cast off its chains of custom, and feel itself free of the universe.

"I see what you mean," she said. "People try to confine worship within four walls, when it takes all outdoors to express it, to hold it."

"Rather say," he rejoined, "that people try to confine worship to word formulas, when it demands the surrender of the whole human heart."

She looked at him with absorption, noting the fire in his eyes. Suddenly she cried, in a tone of triumph, "Now I know what you do every day in the woods!"

Surprised at her quick change, he remarked, "A woman always returns to personalities. Well, what do I do in the woods? I suppose you think I invent sermons for little girls."

She was rather scared, but answered, "I think you write novels."

His eyes twinkled anew, then he threw back his head and laughed so heartily that the hills echoed.

"Don't you?" she persisted.

"Good heavens, no!" he cried. "I have too much respect for genius to try to write novels."

She sighed. "Then I'm no wiser than I was."

He looked puzzled for a moment, then amused. "You funny little puss, you want to know what I do in the woods. Why not say so?"

"Well," she said bravely, "what do you do in the woods?"

"I study birds," was the unexpected answer. "The university sent me up here for some special data. You see, there's nothing mysterious in that."

She smiled at the simplicity of it, saying, "What a beautiful business!"

"Yes," he agreed. "The dear little things are more inspiring in their own homes than they are upon ladies' hats." He glanced at Alice's white-breasted hat, and added, "Even though the ladies be kneeling in a church."

"Oh!" she cried, half frightened. "You have such a way of saying things! I've often been told it's wicked to wear feathers, but this is the first time I believed it. I shall never feel comfortable in this hat again."

"Then why wear it?" he smiled.

"Why," she gasped, "it's pretty, is n't it?"

He nodded.

"And it cost so much!"

"Yes," said he; "it cost much—of life and joy."

She jumped up, crying, "Now, Mr. Burke, must a person go to the bottom of everything like that?" With sudden temerity: "Were n't you occasionally thoughtless yourself when you were young?"

He looked up at her quizzically. "Yes, I was occasionally thoughtless myself—when I was young!" Then with a chuckle: "My dear Miss Dixon, let me add that you also have quite a way of saying things; for, although I have often been told I am getting old, this is the first time I believed it."

The girl's brow puckered. "Oh, how awfully rude of me! But I thought men did n't mind."

"Don't you know," he rejoined, "that it always gives a fellow a pang to see himself as others see him? But"—rising—"you're restless, and want to be getting back to dinner."

## II.

THE gliding days brought punctual letters and roses from Harold. Alice could rehearse the contents of the letters before opening them; and as for the roses—why, there was nothing original, nothing personal, in sending a girl roses. And even if he should follow them in person, it would not add much gaiety to existence. "For," thought Alice, "Mr. Burke says more interesting things in just once walking out from dinner than Harold ever said in his whole life!"

Then came a cloudy Wednesday, so cloudy that she was afraid to go for her customary walk. And during lunch the sky grew darker and rain began to fall heavily.

Her meal finished, Alice stood at the elevator door, waiting to be taken upstairs, for an afternoon of uninterrupted gloom. The elevator-door opened and she was about to step in when a breathless voice cried, "Oh, please, Miss Dixon!"—and the car ascended without her.

"My soul, that was a close shave!" said Burke. "In another minute you'd have been gone irrevocably, and I should n't have seen you all day."

"How absurd!" said smiling Alice. "If you wanted to see me, it would have been a simple matter to send your name up to my mother's room, would n't it?"

"No," he rejoined; "not without also sending up a copy of my family tree, and in the haste of packing I neglected to put one in my trunk. But"—as they walked along the corridor—"it's all right now. You're not nurse this afternoon?"

"No," said Alice; "I have nothing to do. Let's go into the east parlor."

The room was quite deserted, and the noise of the rain and the distant thunder only served to make them feel more cozy. "Thanks be to the elements," said Burke, stretching out his long legs in front of him, "which drove me in to seek shelter."

"And your birds?" asked Alice.

"They all sought shelter too. There's a strange little fellow up here that I'm keeping my eye on. We'll have another walk next Sunday, won't we?—and I'll show you where he hides himself."

Before she could answer, a big clap of thunder which reverberated on all sides of them made her jump.

"It's getting nearer"—he spoke with satisfaction. "There's nothing more glorious than a great storm in the mountains, I think. The worse the storm, the better it proves how steadfast these hills are."

The room grew very black, and Alice gripped her hands together.

"Another of your wise theories," she said. "But I should rather have it proved when I'm not here."

Suddenly the darkness was lit by a blinding flash, and the thunder ripped directly over their heads. She involuntarily covered her eyes, and when she raised them again Burke saw two shining tears. Astonished, he asked, "Are you really frightened, Miss Alice Dixon?"

"Ye-yes, of course I am," stammered the girl, expecting him to laugh at her.

Instead of that, he said, "Well, if you are really frightened, I shall have to invoke my ring."

"What on earth do you mean?" said trembling Alice.

"My ring," he replied gravely. "It has a spinel in it."

She nodded. "Well?"

"Well, spinel rubies are from the east, you know, and consequently are the theme of some curious legends. Many of them come from a mine in Badakshan, which was only discovered—so the Persians say—when an earthquake rent the mountain asunder." His voice sank lower. "And in a storm, they believe you to be quite safe from lightning if you touch the four corners of your house with a spinel ruby."

The sound of Burke's calm, deep voice quieted the girl's nerves and almost convinced her of the truth of the eastern legend. She watched his tall figure move slowly about the room in the semi-darkness, touching each corner with his magic ring. When the next flash illuminated him she could even see the glint of gold in his hand; but this time the crash was longer in following. Returning to her sofa, he smiled kindly at her and sat down.

Alice snuggled into the furthest end, saying, "That's an awfully

weird performance, Mr. Burke. Do you really and truly believe in a charm against the elements?"

He looked very big and dependable. "As much as I believe in any superstition," he answered. "It soothes the mind. It is as efficacious as prayer."

She could scarcely manage to say, "Are you a perfect heathen? Don't you believe in prayer?"

He leaned over and looked her straight in the face. "My dear girl, a wise God would not stop making thunder-storms because a mortal asked him—any more than a wise mother would give up the necessary custom of baking bread because a child asked her."

She shivered. "Oh, I suppose that's just. But it makes a person feel so small and helpless."

"Yes," said Burke; "the popular sentiment is, that nature exists for us humans. As a matter of fact, nature is absolutely indifferent to us." Changing his tone: "Witness a summer shower suddenly ruining a hand-painted chiffon parasol."

Her hearty laugh cleared away all trace of nervousness. "And see!" she said. "Our storm is almost gone. Did your ruby chase it off?"

"What matter," said he, "whether the gem did it or not, so that you have got what you wanted?"

"But really," she said, "I do think your ring is uncanny."

He looked amused. "It is indeed uncanny, for it apparently walked into this hotel alone, as no one can be found to have brought it. Nobody has put in a claim for the reward."

Alice trembled.

"That pie-faced clerk says it was left at the desk in an envelope."

Alice was relieved. "So then you're a hundred dollars in," she laughed.

"You're wrong," answered Burke. "I've put the money away, waiting for the finder of the ring to reveal herself."

"Why do you say 'herself'?" asked curious Alice.

The answer was quick: "Because no man would be fool enough to refuse a hundred dollars." (Alice winced.) "Women don't know the value of money, and they think there's a delicacy in ignoring the fact that it's necessary to life."

She pushed the hair up from her forehead, for her head ached.

Burke clasped both hands over his knee. "I'm quite determined that this modest person shall have the reward. You see, I'm eternally grateful to her, for I'd have been in a bad hole if the ring had n't shown up."

"I see, you'd have been in a bad hole," Alice ventured, "because then the lady to whom it belongs could n't have got it back."

She wriggled uncomfortably under the look of comprehension that he turned upon her. "The lady to whom it belongs does not want it back. She prefers me to wear it," he said slowly.

Alice's heart gave a painful throb. "Then she is still alive," thought the girl. But aloud she said banteringly: "She would have been angry, though, if you had lost it?"

He looked very quizzical, as he answered: "No, the lady to whom it belongs never gets angry."

She emitted a scornful sniff. "Oh, indeed! She must be a saint!"

"She is," he said, solemnly and conclusively.

"I thought men did n't like saints," Alice snapped, and thereupon felt dreadfully ashamed. A reaction from the tension of the storm swept over her, and made her utterly miserable. She could n't stand it. "Excuse me," she said; "I'm in a horrid humor to-day, and I'm going straight upstairs. Thanks for sending away the storm."

She stood upon her feet and held out her hand. He took both her hands and looked square into her eyes. "The ring is my mother's," he said simply.

She could not escape his eyes or his hands. She blushed furiously, both for the words themselves and for what they implied. When she said, "Please, Mr. Burke," very weakly, he let go her hands, and they went together to the elevator.

Once safely in her room, she did nothing dramatic. She only sat down on the edge of her bed, and blushed again, quietly by herself. The ring did not belong to a sweetheart! And Mr. Burke had looked at her as though— One might really think—one might suppose—that he was not old, and that he cared for her, for little Alice! How wonderful, and how dreadful!

It had never before occurred to her that marriage with Harold was not a fixed law of nature. Now, in an instant, she knew that she would never marry him. Of course people would be shocked, but her eyes had opened to a new universe, where one did not necessarily do just what was expected.

But she must be fair, she must give Harold another chance. So, with her mother's permission, she wrote, asking him to spend a day with them soon.

When Sunday came she well remembered Burke's offer of a walk, and she longed to go, but had not the courage. Half an hour after church-time she sneaked out with a book and settled in a secluded corner of the porch. She supposed Burke had gone off alone, yet was not greatly surprised when he joined her in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner.

"Come!" he said heartily. "It's late. We'd better start right away."

A perverse mood seized her. "Good morning," she answered. "I'm going to read here. Are you going walking?"

He stood with legs apart, holding his soft hat in both hands. "Am I going walking?" he repeated. "Miss Alice Dixon, you know perfectly well that I've been waiting half an hour to go walking with you. Come now, don't pretend. If you don't feel like walking to-day, say so plainly, and we'll sit here instead."

This complacency was too much for her temper. "No," she said; "we won't walk, and we won't sit here instead."

He sat down on the piazza rail, looking very grave. "What's the matter? Is your mother worse?"

His consideration only made her more contrary. "No, no!" she cried. "Nothing's the matter, except that you seem to feel quite sure that I want to spend the morning with you!" There! She knew she was a little idiot.

"Why, yes," said he coolly; "I did feel quite sure."

Worse and worse. "That's just it," she burst out. "I don't like things taken for granted."

He looked at her trembling lip, her vexed brow, and her brilliant eyes and cheeks, considered a second, and burst into a laugh.

"If you," he said pleasantly, "were an ordinary cat of a girl, I'd believe you were trying to quarrel with me. But, my dear Miss Dixon, let me tell you that you're away off about taking things for granted. It's taking things for granted that makes life possible."

His being right made him all the more irritating. "How dare you call my sex cats?" she cried. "You're entirely too superior. I can't stand your cocksureness. You never make a mistake."

A cloud passed over his eyes and his face, for he saw that she was thoroughly rebellious.

"Never make a mistake?" he said, getting up from the rail. "Then I've made my first to-day, in supposing there was one girl I could talk to reasonably. Good morning."

And he walked away.

After turning the corner of the piazza, he met an immaculately-clad young man, whom he accosted familiarly: "Why, hello, Harold! What are you doing here?"

The young man held out his hand, saying, "Professor! How you surprised me! What am I doing? I am searching for a Miss Dixon, who was said to be on the piazza. But I find it is a mistake."

Burke regarded him with some care, then said slowly, "No, it is not a mistake. You will find her around that corner, my boy. But I'm afraid she won't want to see you this morning."

Harold smiled politely. "Oh, yes, sir," he said; "she wants to see me. She sent for me."



"What's that?" shouted Burke.

"You think it was indecorous of her," added Harold gently, "but perhaps you did not know that Miss Dixon is going to marry me."

The older man calmly announced, "No, my lad, I did not know it, and I don't know it now."

"It's true, sir," said Harold quaintly. "But I'll see you later, if you'll excuse me."

Burke watched him turn the corner, then walked away alone, with scowling brow.

### III.

ON Monday morning, though no thunderstorm kept him from his woodland work, the professor again sought the far porch-corner.

Alice's eyes were suspiciously red. At sight of him she looked frightened, then embarrassed, then brilliant.

Burke sat down quietly on the rail, saying, "Good morning, Miss Dixon. Yesterday I thought you got rid of me from temper; but I found there was a reason."

She answered boldly, "The reason is gone—forever."

He shook himself, then said briskly, "Good! And now do you want to take a walk?"

"Yes, Mr. Burke," said Alice, dimpling.

"And," he added, "do you want to spend the morning with me?"

"Yes, Mr. Burke," said Alice, and jumped up from her chair.

"Then that's all right!" he cried heartily, striding along beside her. "We'll make up for the twenty-four hours we lost. I want to show you a lovely little nook that you're sure to like, because you'll match it."

"In spite of my being a little goose?" asked Alice.

"Or because of it," said he, smiling. "You know, I'm partial to birds."

Walking and talking happily, they came to the very glen where Alice had found the serpent ring.

"Isn't it perfect!" she cried, sitting down involuntarily just where she had sat before.

"You've already been here!" he said. "Is this where you found my ring, Deceiver?"

Her startled blush answered him, and she murmured, "How did you know?"

"I didn't know!" He laughed with delight. "It was all the ring. Don't you see the ring was bound to bring us back to this spot together?"

She nodded. "Yes, to complete the circle."

"But why," he asked, "did you make such a secret of the find, little goose in your green nest?"

"On account of the reward," she said.

"Your hundred dollars, that's been waiting for you all this time. Now it can go to its owner."

"But I won't accept it, you know."

"It's yours already. It's been yours for two weeks. So you'll have to take it."

"I won't take it," said Alice.

"You won't?"

"I won't."

He sighed a big, mock sigh, saying slowly,

"Where is the man who has the power and skill  
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?  
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;  
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on 't.

Is the verse true, little Goose?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, laughing the laugh of pure content.

"Then I see another way to settle this dispute between two obstinate persons. Give me your hand."

She drew back.

"You may safely," he said. "The money is not in it."

They sat side by side on the moss, with the green light filtering down upon them through the forest trees. She gave him her hand. He took it in both of his and said gravely, "I love you."

She looked down at the hands, in a rapture of emotion. She struggled, but only weakly. She thought of all the objections that a well-brought-up girl would make to such words from such a stranger, the objections that her mother would make.

He waited patiently.

At last she just raised her eyes to his, and said gently, "I love you."

Ah, what an embrace she found herself clasped in! And what joy, what newly awakened youth, shone in the face above her.

He spoke first. "The sweetness of you," he murmured, "and the courage of you, giving yourself without a question of material things! That's a real giving, a spiritual giving." He turned up her flushing face. "How about my *Past*? That past with a capital P, which ladies always suspect?"

She trembled, but answered earnestly, "I'm thankful to your past, whatever it is, because it made you as you are now."

"Ah!" he breathed, with real awe. "Will you marry me, my Alice?"

"Yes—Mr. Burke," said she.

Upon that, he drew from his finger the serpent ring, and slipped it tenderly on hers.

"My mother only lent it to me," he said, "until I should find my mate. My father gave it to her because her birthday is in July."

"What has that to do with it?" cried Alice. "My birthday is in July, too."

He clapped his hands,—though one was on each side of her,—crying, "Then the ring is doubly yours! Why, don't you know the rhyme for your own month?"

'The glowing ruby shall adorn  
Those who in July are born:  
Then they'll be exempt and free  
From Love's doubts and anxiety.'

"Oh, is n't it lovely?" she said. "The verse, and the ring, and—everything!"

"It is, my dear little Goose, my dear little Bird. I quite agree with you. And as for the reward, which Miss Dixon would not take, Mrs. Robert Burke shall receive for her candy fund—a hundred dollars down."



## MUSINGS

Some things that may be had for the asking are dear at the price.

Misery likes company even better when it does n't like the company.

Maybe it is called a train of thought because it is so apt to get off the track.

Perhaps there is at least as much enjoyment to be had in air-castles as in any other kind.

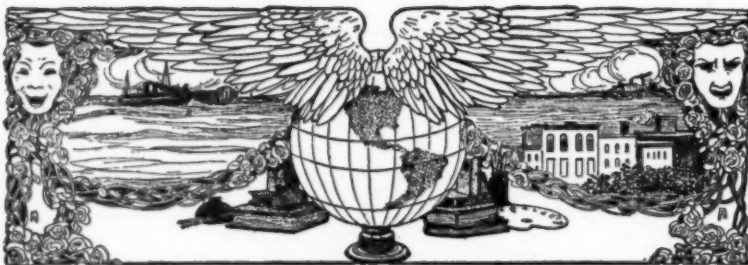
Duty will have to cultivate a more agreeable voice before it will be able to command universal attention.

Some people grumble every time they compare themselves with other people, and so do the other people.

Deeds, of course, are mightier than words; yet some people manage to talk their way through life, and get along pretty well at that.

It is generally unwise to call a man a fool. Even if he agrees with you, he may think he is not such a fool as to need the information.

*William E. McKenna*



## WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND  
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

### MILLIONS AND IMAGINATION

WHEN the vaults of Cræsus grow plethoric and he begins to wander downhill in life while his millions still go up, he sometimes plans the unloading of his hoards of yellow ore. When our millionaires can count the few years left them and cannot count their dollars, they often think of spendings and gifts. They disimburse munificently, but not always magnificently, for this requires an imagination, that delicate and ethereal thing which goes to wreck in the pitiless wars of Mammon. To what unoriginal ends and uses go most of the bequests and gifts of our millionaires! One endows a college, another a library, another a church. These, no doubt, are useful institutions. And much goes to charity, as it should.

But to do these things requires no imagination, no insight, no vision. Cræsus but follows in the footsteps of former philanthropists. When rightly used upon original impulse and individual inspiration, the majesty and the might of millions offer opportunities for glorious achievements.

There are humanitarian movements, great causes, new developments in science and art, realms of beauty whose estates positively cry to heaven for financial support. There are wonderful inventions for the betterment of conditions of human existence, or the extension of knowledge, but these seldom receive help from the man of money—unless he views them as speculations. There is genius that might be fostered in poor men of great gifts, whose feet are now tangled in "the fell

snare of circumstance." National tastes and ideals might be stimulated, as they have been debased, by gold.

Man of Millions, use your imagination. It and your money will make you a man *in* millions. Consider the great works your myriads of magic golden elves might do. If you hunger for the thanks of men and fear their hate because of what you have and hold, it is easy to exchange it for their gratitude and love.

Imagination makes man, as it makes millions, immortal. The names of Augustus, Mæcenæ, Pericles, the dukes of Este, Medici, and of Weimar, shine fair in history, gilded with the gold they gave for Art and Beauty. In times of commercialism, the noblest, youngest art requires a patron, as of old.

Cecil Rhodes, with vast continental dreams, and Frederick Nobel, founder of international prizes for art and science, used their imaginations. Their names will live and be kept gratefully green. The Newdigate prize for poetry at Oxford brings distinction to him who gives and to him who wins.

Millionaires of America, look about you. There are cities to be beautified. There are majestic projects of parks and feats of landscape gardening to be carried out—the most sublime use for millions, as Poe has said. There are deserts that irrigation would make blossom like the rose and fill with farms and fertile fields. There is the extreme need of an endowed theatre for the United States to lift our national drama from the sink of speculation. There are monuments to erect to our dead poets and great men. To our disgrace, we can show no worthy monument to Longfellow, Emerson, or Poe. The Alhambra in Spain is falling to ruin because of lack of funds to restore it. The American millionaire who would subscribe money towards this would be forever enriched by the thanks of the world and of Art.

Let the millionaires of America devote their superfluous riches to these great, shining works, and lasting lustre shall be added to our land. Let them listen not always to lawyers and financiers, but sometimes to the Men Who Dream.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

## A NOVEL REASON FOR TRAVEL

A JAPANESE lady *en voyage* recently gave a novel reason for an extended tour in the United States and Europe. When questioned by a visitor as to what she had seen in America, she expressed great interest in a visit to Mount Vernon, to Arlington, and to the White House, where she had spent an agreeable hour with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, adding in her slow, carefully worded English, "When I go back to Japan I shall have some topics."

"Topics!" ejaculated her listener. "What do you mean, madame?"

"Topics!" repeated the Oriental lady, with a strong emphasis upon the last syllable. "When my husband brings friends to the house and wishes me to say something, I shall not talk about my children all the time. I shall tell them about Mount Vernon and Arlington and the President. I shall have topics!" exclaimed the little lady of the East in a triumphant tone.

Are American women travelling in search of topics like their sister from the land of the chrysanthemum? When they meet together at an afternoon tea or luncheon, it seems as if they had found more subjects for conversation than the hour would contain. And yet, if we contrast the conversation of a group of women twenty years ago with that of their latter-day sisters who have enjoyed the advantages of travel in their own or in foreign lands, it will be found that the travelled woman of to-day has enlarged her repertoire of subjects immensely, even if she is not, like the naïve Japanese lady, frankly voyaging in search of "topics."

To furnish another reason or inducement for travel is not unlike presenting caviare before dinner to appetites already sharpened by the tonic of a brisk walk in mountain air, yet are not our magazines offering us caviare in the form of charming articles about every place in the known and unknown world? And does not each mail bring us fascinating itineraries from steamship companies and tourist bureaus to whet appetites that need no encouragement? For is not this the age of travel *par excellence*, and does it seem to make very much difference where one goes, so only one journeys somewhere? Nor need the most inveterate traveller weep because there are no more worlds to conquer, when new vistas are constantly opening before him.

Dalmatia is looming up as a land to be explored, and travellers, sated by the wonders of Europe, Egypt, India, and Japan, are already turning eager faces toward this classic land and the adjoining principality of Montenegro, while others are straining their eyes northward toward Iceland. A New York clergyman recently entertained his neighbors at a continental table d'hôte by an enthusiastic recital of the charms of a sojourn in this island of lofty headland and deep bays, and it may be predicted with some measure of assurance that Iceland, like Norway, may become a favorite resort of the tourist in search of novelty in a rugged and picturesque garb.

Perhaps we, in these western lands, need reasons for staying at home rather than incentives to travel—such a reason as A. C. Benson gives in his "At Large," when he says, "Travel is essentially a distraction. I do not want to be distracted any more. . . . Like the lobster in the 'Water Babies,' I cry, 'Let me alone, I want to think.'"



Travel without time for thought is like reading or lecture-going or any other occupation without reflection, a mere rippling of the surface of life. It is only when thought stirs the depths, as the angel's visit stirred the pool of Bethesda, that true and lasting benefit of sojourn in foreign countries and favored lands comes to the traveller.

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

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## THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

**O** LIBERTY! What crimes are committed in thy name!" Just why it should have become a moral shibboleth that the artistic temperament explains, justifies, and excuses ethical and, stranger still, æsthetic shortcomings, is a fit subject for wonderment—an excellent additional instance of the inconsistency of human attainment. Just why it should be that the man whose soul is supposed to be attuned to the finer harmonies of the æsthetic sense is therefore, as a corollary, lax in his moral code and frequently wanting altogether in the humbler reaches of that æsthetic feeling, offers a curious problem for the thoughtful. It has become an axiom that the artist in whatever field of artistic achievement must be considered without reference to the man, although it is equally axiomatic that the artist is the man. Nevertheless, there is no more primal requisite for true judgment of the artistic than the capability thus to divorce the man in his human failings from the artist in his divine afflatus,—the work of art from the worker thereof. The curious thing is that the "artistic temperament" expects this divorcement carried still further where all reason for so doing is lacking. And the world at large has, with a shrug of shoulders, complacently come to regard the artistic temperament and a wholesome sanity as altogether incompatible; whereas, in reality, they are not.

It is *not* the artistic temperament, but its opposite, that makes the man who writes a good poem delight in dirty linen and indulge in freakish fashion as to his hair. It is not the artistic temperament, but its contrary, that makes the creative genius of any form of art practise the immoral and the unclean—from the neglect to pay his debts to the indecent orgies of the satyr. The sincere love of the beautiful in any of its manifestations never yet made a human being ugly. We are too prone to confound cause with effect in these things. The artistic temperament never belittles. When the possessor of the gift is contemptible we may rest assured that without it he would be more contemptible still. And the world, frequently more charitable than she receives credit for being, and almost always a bad judge of what is artistic, is too apt to cover with the mantle of her complacency

temperament that gets off easily with the charge of being merely artistic. There is nothing artistic in pose, nothing artistic in the assumed delight in the yellows and reds of the moral chromatic scale, but there is much that is dishonest in it. If the innumerable posers who cumber the purlieus of the courts of Art were broken by the world upon some sincere task of righteousness, the artistic atmosphere would receive a purging infinitely to the honor of Art!

Of a truth, we dabble too fearlessly with the sacred things of life. There is nothing nobler in human nature than the genuine artistic gift, yet we have seen it become confused with a thing of shreds and patches. Feeble poetasters and inconsequent fiction-mongers prate about their "art," and we have "artists" all the way up from the "tensorial parlors" through Grub Street to the "studio" of the more or less mongrel professional. No wonder the artistic temperament becomes a factor to reckon with! For, after all, the real artist whose humanity may crop out in idiosyncrasies and obliquities scarcely more pronounced than those of the business man or the man of science—the man of individuality, of thought, and of preoccupation anywhere—is not the moral offense, and by no means the "artistic" offense, that is the poser whose cheap affectations of sincerity seek to prostitute Truth itself.

ROBERT ADGER BOWEN



## THE BREATHLESS HOUR

BY THOMAS McKEAN

MY child, when once I closed thine eyes in sleep  
 I wept; but, looking on thy loveliness,  
 I smiled, remembering still thy warm caress  
 About my neck. Alas, why did I weep,  
 When all was well with thee upon thy ship  
 Of night; that bark which soon should lightly pass  
 And bear thee to the land of dreams apace,  
 An answering smile upon thy parted lip?

Why did I grieve indeed to see thee thus,  
 Thou tiny sovereign of my loving heart,  
 Which feels with joy the sceptre of thy power?  
 I wept, because, in fancy timorous,  
 I dreamed, with waking eyes, thou might'st depart  
 And ne'er return; that was the breathless hour!

# WALNUTS AND WINE



## THE PSYCHOSIS OF A HAMPER

Mrs. Blander, accompanied by a pretty young woman, entered the willow-ware room of a department store. An usher, learning her wishes, summoned with a benign forefinger a little man who announced stolidity in every line of his well-nourished body.

"Mr. Booder, this lady would like to look at hampers. Understand, Mr. Booder, *hampers*, and do your best in the matter."

"What style would you like, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Booder solicitously.

"Surely," exclaimed Mrs. Blander, "you cannot expect me to describe it to *you*? I have but a nebulous picture in my mind, and rely on visualization. You will have to show me your complete assortment, as I wish to make use of an important function, the power of selection. You see, Clarissa, I endeavor to psychologize each situation, thus developing nascent qualities or stimulating matured ones. In other words"—including Mr. Booder with a serious look—"I try to find the wings of every occasion."

Mr. Booder was astonished.

"Do I understand you, ma'am, to say that you'd just like to look at——"

"Hampers, hampers," interrupted Mrs. Blander firmly. "I fear their purchase is entered into too impulsively. You have before you the opportunity of ennobling this neglected field, for you may inform yourself not only as to their physical certainties, but their higher significance as well, thereby acquiring the right to take each customer by the hand and lead her gently but compellingly."

Mr. Booder flushed modestly and thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"If only you could tell me," he said feelingly, "if you'd like a large one or a small one or a mejum-sized one or——"

## Walnuts and Wine

Mrs. Blander fixed him with an outraged eye.

"Size?" she inquired. "You ask me what *size*? That, sir, is a minor issue. It may be as large as a bed of the Napoleonic era, and, so its lines bespeak art, I will receive it, allowing its unfilled interior to testify to my spiritual consistency. Or, if you show me nothing that will satisfy the demands of beauty save small ones, I will purchase several, placing them here and there, like Grecian urns. And if, perchance, you have one of precisely the proper circumference and height, with Beauty shaping its outlines, then would I say it was Art's reward for a disciple's adherence to its laws."

Mrs. Blander was lost in thought. Mr. Booder seemed to be experiencing vertigo. Then he pulled himself together.

"Now, that's not a bad idea, ma'am, about having several of 'em. You could have one for handkerchiefs, one for towels, another for sheets, and another for——"

Mrs. Blander raised a tremulous hand.

"Spare me this ignoble differentiation. There is no need to dwell upon their functions, for we all know that as mere utilitarian objects they are degrading."

Poor Mr. Booder coughed guiltily because of his identification with the hamper department. He was clutched by a feeling of helpless criminality.

"Furthermore," continued Mrs. Blander, "according to higher interpretation, you misused the word 'idea.' But, to revert to my proposed purchase, I have resolved to eliminate from the transaction all of the sordid, as anything for use in the home, that shrine of the heart, must have a spiritual meaning."

Mrs. Blander glanced triumphantly from Clarissa to Mr. Booder, and though she rightly read the face of one to mean awe, she mistook the struggle of the other to indicate an awakening soul. With a thrill of joy she seated herself and cordially motioned to her auditors to do the same. Clarissa, of course, obeyed, but Mr. Booder dug his heels firmly in the floor and faced her standing.

"As I revolved the matter, I realized that we look at a hamper too objectively. Therein lies our fatal error. So I immediately viewed it from a subjective standpoint, and do you know what I found it to be?"

Clarissa stirred restlessly. Mr. Booder grinned foolishly, but, seeing Mrs. Blander's eye unmistakably upon him, said, "I'm sure, ma'am, I've no idea—no, no, I don't mean *idea*, of course, but I can't imagine what a hamper can be."

## Walnuts and Wine

Mrs. Blander was truly impressive as she whispered huskily, "A symbol! I have found it to be a symbol!"

"How wonderful!" gasped Clarissa. "How wonderful of you!" Then, a sudden thought striking her: "But a symbol of *what*, Appolonia?"

"Of the inexplicably comprehensive," elucidated Mrs. Blander.

"Just think," sighed Clarissa, "how most of us pass by hampers without appreciating what they really are! It makes me feel ashamed."

"Never mind, Clarissa," said Mrs. Blander soothingly. "We're all, at some time or other, in the chrysalis state. Now that we are an enlightened triumvirate, I feel that I can indulge in the selection of this symbolic article without the intrusion of a discordant element."

Mr. Booder was inclined to sulk, but, habit being strong upon him, marshalled one symbol after another before his soulful customer, who rejected them solemnly, almost sorrowfully, as though mourning the existence of so much of the unbeautiful. Finally he rolled into place a hamper so huge that it looked capable of accommodating the horse of Troy.

The instant Mrs. Blander saw it she exclaimed gracefully, "That is an exponent of a most charming type! Pray rest from your labors, while I meditate upon it. See, Clarissa, how noble are its proportions, how chaste its design, how Doric its atmosphere! Do you know what it suggests to me, dear?"

Clarissa could n't guess, so Mrs. Blander cried joyously, "The Parthenon, Clarissa. It really does. It's strange how these suggestions come to me, transcendent illuminations that open wide the windows of my being, and register ineffaceable impressions. That's just the way I felt when I saw this splendid hamper. 'Parthenon!' something seemed to whisper; and Parthenon it will always mean to me. So austere, yet so satisfyingly beautiful! How does it appeal to you?"

"Of course, dear," modestly responded Clarissa, "I'm not clever like you, and never have occult intimations, so, to tell the truth, it merely seems to me the biggest and baldest hamper I ever saw. You'll forgive me, won't you, Appolonia?" she concluded humbly.

"I'm disappointed in you," Mrs. Blander replied, palpably ruffled. "It's humiliating to know that my companionship has done so little for you, and that this hamper is to you nothing but

## Walnuts and Wine

a hamper. I hope *you*”—turning to Mr. Booder—“can see in it something beyond the material.”

Mr. Booder advanced to the side of the wicker elephant and peered within.

“I can’t, ma’am,” he confessed shamefacedly; “there ain’t nothing in it I can see, not even materials.”

He continued gazing dejectedly into the bowels of the hamper.

If æstheticism can snort, that low word would best describe the sound of disgust with which Mrs. Blander favored Mr. Booder.

“Are men but clods?” she cried. “Does intuition play no part with you? Intuit, sir, intuit!”

Such was the commanding presence of strong-minded Mrs. Blander and the obedient servility of weak-minded Mr. Booder, that in the twinkling of an eye, and before Mr. Booder himself knew what he was doing, he had leaped over the side of the hamper and was meekly gazing out at his resolute customer.

Clarissa showed herself not altogether devoid of humor and sniggered painfully; but Mrs. Blander was sensitive and silenced her by a glance.

“What do you mean,” she inquired, “behaving in this fashion? Come out at once and explain your conduct.”

Mr. Booder clambered out of the Parthenon and answered defiantly, “You told me to do it.”

“I did nothing of the kind,” contradicted Mrs. Blander in her most positive manner.

“I’ll leave it to the young lady if you did n’t,” he recklessly retorted. “You called out, ‘Into it, sir, into it,’ and if that ain’t plain English I’d like to know the reason why.”

Once again Clarissa jarred upon Mrs. Blander’s nerves, and with a sweeping gesture the latter waved away the hamper.

“Ain’t you going to take it, after all?” asked disappointed Mr. Booder, loath to recommence his labors.

“Never!” cried Mrs. Blander. “Not after it has been desecrated by ridicule and inhabited by ignorance.”

Mr. Booder quailed before her eye and embarrassedly trundled away the classic pile.

It was not until all of the stock had been paraded before her that Mrs. Blander decided upon a medium-sized hamper that bulged in the middle, had outspreading handles, and a magenta band near the top.

“The magenta border is a blow to me,” she explained to Mr.



Walnuts and Wine

Outdoor sports best reflect glow  
and vigor when the skin is healthy



Avoid the cause of red, rough skin;  
insure a matchless complexion,  
soft, white hands and wholesome  
comfort by using the purest soap—

**PEARS' SOAP**

*OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.*  
"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

Booder, "as the room in which it is to be placed is in ethereal blue, and I fear a subtle antagonism between the two."

"The price of this——" began Mr. Booder, pencil in hand, glad to be on the ground he comprehended.

But not so. Mrs. Blander raised a supplicating hand as she said, "Do not name the price, I beg of you. I make it a point never to sully an object at the time of purchase by identifying it with the cost. If, when it is delivered, I find it beyond what I can afford, I simply return it. In this way I contribute my mite toward spiritualizing trade. Now let us go, Clarissa, and as we go let us cast frequent glances at the new symbol, for I wish to carry away a distinct picture, unconfused with environing objects."

So Mrs. Blander glided from the room, part of the time backward, looking out of half-closed lids at the receding lines of the hamper and its magenta border.

"She forgot to give me her address," malignantly chuckled Mr. Booder, beginning to recover his spirits.

*Louise Ayres Garnett*

## CUPID'S CAPTIVE

*By W. J. Lampton*

The hills looked downward on the south,  
And southward dreamed the sea,  
While with the sea breeze hand in hand  
Came innocence and she.

The hills looked upward to the north,  
And northward dreamed the sea,  
While with the sea breeze hand in hand  
Came ignorance and me.

The hills look north and south these days,  
For innocence and she  
Have made an everlasting mash  
On ignorance and me.

## VERY APPROPRIATE

"My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man in a drug store. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk. "Get a box."

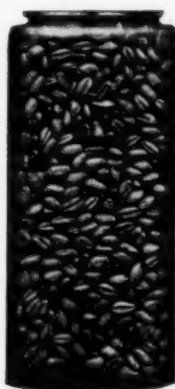
*Perrine Lambert*

Walnuts and Wine

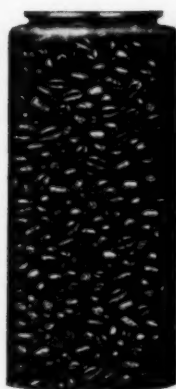
# POSTUM—

What It Is

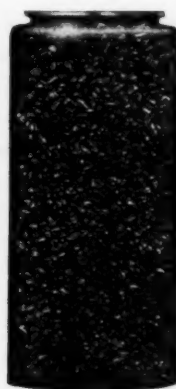
Made of—



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.

**Clean Whole Wheat** (No. 1) is separated into kernel and outer or bran-coat; the first containing carbohydrates and proteids (tissue-material and energy-storing elements); the second, phosphate of potash for rebuilding brain and nerve cells. The kernel is

**Skillfully Roasted** (No. 2) to a degree that develops in wheat an aroma similar to Java coffee (but without the use of coffee or any drug-like substance); hence the delicious flavour, when Postum is served hot with cream, which has led many to think they were drinking coffee. The roasted kernels are then

**Cooled and Ground** (No. 3) and set aside. The roasting has changed part of the starch into dextrin and dextrose, or grape-sugar, which form soluble carbohydrates, or energy-making material, and the proteids (tissue-forming elements) are also made soluble for prompt absorption. Next

**The Bran-Coat** (No. 4) is mixed with molasses, roasted and ground separately, then blended with the other part of the wheat to form the perfected product—Postum.

The relief from coffee ails when Postum is used instead, is a matter of history. Try it for your own self-proof.

**“There’s a Reason.”**

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

In writing to advertisers kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### UNDER A NEW NAME

*By Florence Wilson*

Little bits of sawdust,  
Little wisps of hay  
Make a new breakfast food  
Almost every day.



### WHAT THE YOUNG DOCTOR NEEDED

A newly graduated M.D., with his new medicine bag dangling from his hand, was one day accosted by an excited policeman, who informed him that a man had been struck down by an automobile in the next street, and appeared to be badly hurt. Without hesitation, the doctor hurried with the officer to the scene of the accident.

Here a curious crowd pressed round the victim, who lay on the pavement. Pushing his way through this ring after the officer, the doctor dropped on one knee beside his first patient, who appeared to be a person of prosperity, and acquainted him with the fact that he was a physician and anxious to be of service.

"I fear, doctor," groaned the patient, "that my leg is broken; and if you'll take good care of me I'll give you a thousand dollars."

The policeman, who bent at the doctor's side, ready to be of any assistance, gasped when he overheard this offer and gazed open-mouthed at the young physician, who at once ordered him to drive back the pressing crowd, so as to give the patient air.

In response, the policeman began to hurl back the onlookers with extraordinary vigor.

"Get back!" he shouted, brandishing his club. "Get back, I say, an' give th' young doctor air!"

*Charles C. Mullin*



### ONLY THE TRUTH

Two tramps approached a railroad telegraph office not far from New York the other day and looked hungrily through the window, but there was not even a dinner pail in sight to induce them to ask for food. One of them finally tapped on the window, and the operator left his key long enough to inquire:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Just report two empties going east," replied the tramp, with a grin, and started down the track toward New York.

*P. S. Ridsdale*

## A Summer Necessity

Because the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove concentrates heat at the openings on the stove top, it boils and bakes in less time than a coal or wood stove which wastes heat by radiating to the farthest corner of the room.

This is the reason, too, why the "New Perfection" keeps your kitchen so uniformly cool while you're working in it.

This wonderful comfort-quality, combined with great convenience and economy, makes the



## NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

the best of all stoves—especially for summer use. If, heretofore, you have considered it impossible to do kitchen work in a restful way, a trial of the "New Perfection" Oil Stove will surprise you. Made in three sizes, fully warranted. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo LAMP** If you are troubled by flickering gas and large quarterly bills for the same, get a Rayo Lamp—the best, handsomest and most economical light for a home. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(Incorporated)

In writing to advertisers kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### THREE NEW SMITHS

Three fashionable churches in a certain city—St. John's, St. Thomas's, and St. Margaret's—have each of them a rector whose name is Smith. This might make a little confusion, were it not for an ingenious method which has been adopted for designating them.

Colloquially, and for the sake of differentiation, the eminent divine in charge of St. John's is known as "Johnny" Smith, the rector of the church of St. Thomas is called "Tommy" Smith, and he of St. Margaret's goes by the name of "Maggie" Smith.

"Johnny" Smith and "Tommy" Smith do not particularly delight in the irreverent designations thus applied to them, it is said; but "Maggie" Smith vehemently objects. And, it must be owned, no wonder.

*René Bache*

### IS THIS FAIR?

*By Robert T. Hardy*

If there be any truth  
In an oft-quoted saw,  
Opportunity knocks  
Once at every man's door.

But woman is favored—  
At *her* door, it appears,  
Opportunity knocks  
Once in every four years!

### A DOUBLE PRECAUTION

*Mrs. A.*: "My husband is *so* absent-minded."

*Mrs. B.*: "I'm sure he can't be worse than mine. The other day he wrote the combination of his safe on a slip of paper to keep from forgetting it, and then locked the paper up in the safe to keep from losing it!"

*R. Rochester*

### MISSOURI WIT

A number of Representatives were facetiously discussing the resources of the State of Missouri one afternoon, when McCall of Massachusetts observed to Mr. Lloyd of the first named State:

"Lloyd, I am told that Missouri stands at the head in raising mules."

"It seems to me," retorted Lloyd, "that is the only safe place to stand in the circumstances."

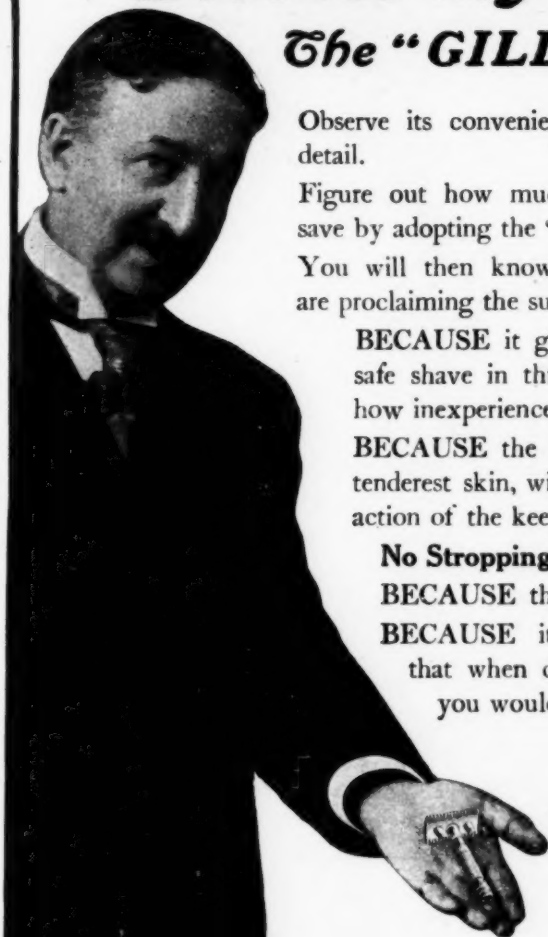
*Edwin Tarrissae*



Walnuts and Wine

# Dissect my Razor

## The "GILLETTE"



Observe its convenience — its perfection in every detail.

Figure out how much time and money you can save by adopting the "Gillette" habit.

You will then know why over two million men are proclaiming the superiority of the "Gillette."

**BECAUSE** it gives you a clean, comfortable, safe shave in three to five minutes—no matter how inexperienced you are.

**BECAUSE** the harshest beard, though on the tenderest skin, willingly yields to the soft, easy action of the keen "Gillette" blade.

**No Stropping. No Honing.**

**BECAUSE** the holder lasts a lifetime.

**BECAUSE** its blades are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

*King Gillette*

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged, flexible blades—24 keen edges, packed in a velvet-lined leather case, and the price is \$5.00.

**Combination Sets**  
**from \$6.50 to \$50.00**

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day. If substitutes are offered, refuse them, and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

### GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

271 Times Building  
New York

271 Kimball Building  
BOSTON

271 Stock Exchange Building  
Chicago

# Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### THE MERRY WIDOW

A man whose wife was extremely jealous planned a pleasant surprise for her in the form of a trip to New York to see "The Merry Widow," and wrote a friend in the city to let him know the earliest date for which he could secure seats. The next day when he was away from home the following telegram was delivered there, addressed to him, but opened by his wife:

Nothing doing with the widow until the tenth. Will that suit you?

Explanations were demanded.

*Fred Gilbert Blakeslee*

### DEFINITIONS

*Bridge*—A connecting link, or suspense, between four card-players.

*Depression*—Prosperity plus.

*Economy*—A fad of the rich and a necessity of the poor.

*Election*—An exchange of bosses.

*Freedom*—The other side of the next hill.

*Graft*—A secret passage from a public treasury to a private pocket.

*Newspaper*—An unwilling chronicler of bad public news and a willing chronicler of bad private news.

*Politician*—An intangible something possessing many of the characteristics of an eel, a fox, a leech, and a sloth.

*Stocks*—A fluid extract of business conditions.

*Ellis O. Jones*

### OMAR REVISED

*By Walter Pulitzer*

A Book of "Auto Rules" underneath the Bough,

A Stalled Machine, a Busted Tire, and Thou

Beside me lying in a Slushy Ditch—

Ah, Slushy Ditch were Paradise enow!

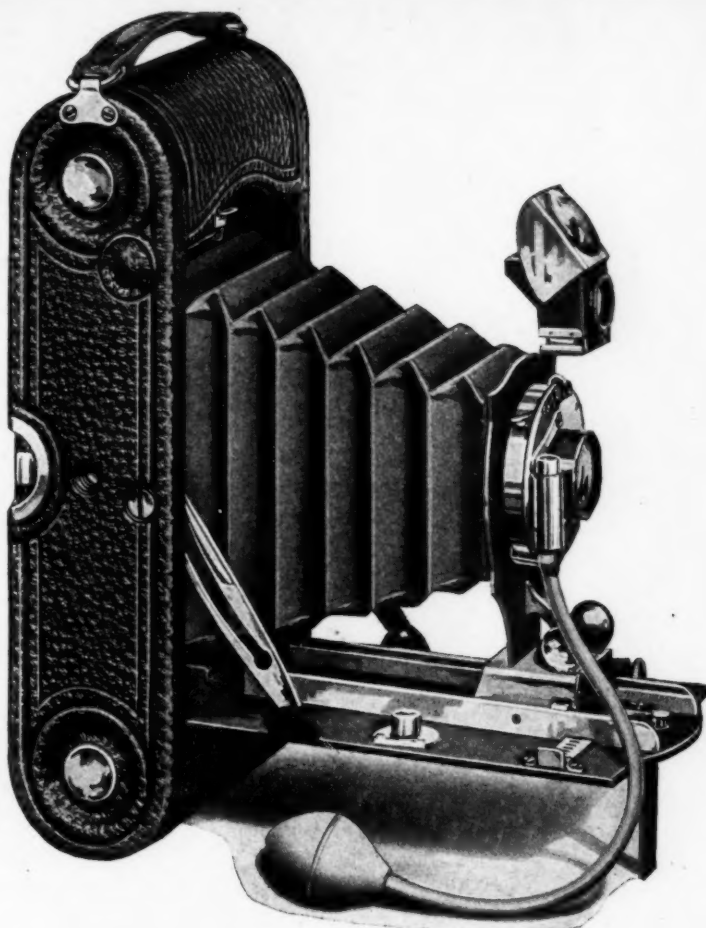
### FEATHERED IDLENESS

Little Margie on her first visit to a farm was told to wander about the barn and search for eggs. Some time later the child returned almost in tears.

"Could n't you find any eggs, dearie?" asked her mother.

"No," replied Margie wearily. "I think it's mean, too, 'cause lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."

*Perrine Lambert*



## The No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak *Special*.

Just as good as a camera can be made—so small  
as to never be in the way.

There has never before been so much quality put into so small a camera—in lens and shutter and mechanical precision it is right. Making the popular  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  pictures, the camera itself measuring but  $2 \times 3\frac{3}{4} \times 8$  inches and with a high speed lens and shutter equipment it fills every requirement of those who demand a perfect combination of convenience and efficiency.

No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak *Special* with Rapid Rectilinear Lens, speed  $f/8$  and  
F. P. K. Automatic Shutter,

\$15.00

ALL DEALERS.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

*Catalog of Kodaks free  
at the dealers or by mail.*

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### ANATOMICAL IRONIES

*By Nelle Parker Jones*

Though a roll of college parchment  
Is a thing to be desired,  
And a graduate is happy  
O'er the knowledge he's acquired;  
Yet the gulf in earning power  
He observes with some alarm  
'Twixt the brain he brought from college  
And a baseball expert's arm.

### ALPHABETICAL DERANGEMENT

It was the panic of 1907.

Two business men met each other one day when things were  
at their worst in New York city.

"Hello there, Hardy!" said one. "You look kind of sick.  
What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, I'm all broke up!"

"What seems to be the matter?"

"Oh, I'm suffering from the disease of Alphabetical Derangement."

"Alphabetical Derangement? What's that?"

"Oh, I've not enough X's and V's and too many I O U's."

*John A. Morris*

### LONG-SUFFERING BILL

A correspondent sends the following to a remote rural organ of  
the people:

"Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. William B. Puckleton, has  
had several new 'No Trespassing' signs erected on his place. We  
have had the pleasure of perusing the one facing the Hedgeville  
Pike. It reads:

#### NOTIS

TRESPASERS WILL BE PERSEKUTED TO THE FULL EXTEN OF 2 MEAN MUN-  
GERL DOGS WICH AINT NEVER BEN OVERLY SOSHIBUL WITH ST RANGERS AN I  
DUBBLE BARI SHOTGUN WICH AINT LODED WITH NO SOFY PILLERS DAM IF I  
AINT GITTIN TIRED OF THIS HELRASIN ON MY PROPERTY. YURS RESPECTFUL  
BILL PUCKLETON

We have n't as yet seen the other signs, but Bill says that  
'although they may n't be spelled an' worded stric'ly similar to each  
other, their meanin' is about the same an' ain't likely to be mistook.'"

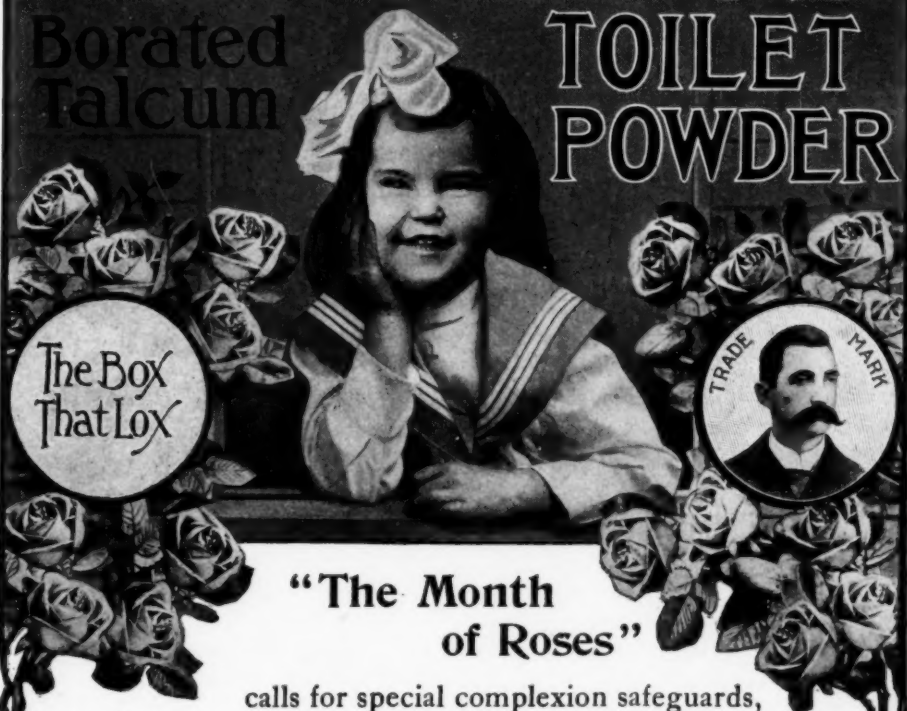
*J. L. Sexton*

Walnuts and Wine

# MENNEN'S

Borated  
Talcum

# TOILET POWDER



## "The Month of Roses"

calls for special complexion safeguards,  
to insure a summer of perfect skin condition and  
comfort. The daily habit of using

### Mennen's <sup>Borated Talcum</sup> Toilet Powder

after **bathing**, keeps the skin smooth and healthy, prevents  
**Prickly Heat, Chafing** and **Sunburn**, insuring the much cov-  
eted "browning" without burning. After shaving it is  
delightful; in the nursery indispensable.

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### A COLD LUNCH

The pupils of a distinguished professor of zoölogy, a man well-known for his eccentricities, noted one day two tidy parcels lying on their instructor's desk as they passed out at the noon hour. On their return to the laboratory for the afternoon lecture, they saw but one. This the professor took carefully up in his hand as he opened his lecture.

"In the study of vertebrata we have taken the frog as a type. Let us now examine the gastrocnemius muscle of this dissected specimen."

So saying, the professor untied the string of his neat parcel and disclosed to view a ham sandwich and a boiled egg.

"But I have eaten my lunch," said the learned man bewilderedly.

*M. M. Atwater*

### JOHNNY'S DEFINITION

*By Mary G. Rector*

Said teacher, "What's a skeleton?"

"I know," said Johnny Goff;

"It's a man that has his insides out,  
And has his outsides off."

### HIS CLEVER SCHEME

The man with the large head and the protruding eyebrows stepped into the cigar emporium.

"Give me the poorest cigar you've got."

"Five or ten center?" queried the man behind the show-case.

"I don't know whether you're going to give me a five or a ten center. I'm going to give you a dime. Remember, now, the poorest cigar in the place."

The clerk handed out a box and the customer selected one, calmly lighted it, and puffed curiously. Then he left with an air of supreme satisfaction.

"Ah! This tastes good," he muttered on the outside. "I knew my little scheme would work. The fellow gave me the best cigar he had in the store."

The cigar dispenser on the inside soliloquized:

"I just took that old codger at his word. I handed him a box of three-for-a-nickels."

*John H. McNeely*



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### AN EYE TO BUSINESS

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered, a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the regretful golfer.

"Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a kindling glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"

*Hjost Valdemir*

### GEMS AND BRIC-À-BRAC

*By Vivian Willson Whitman*

Her lips two glowing rubies are,  
Her teeth just milky pearls;  
Her brow is polished ivory  
Set round with golden curls.

Whene'er she weeps twin diamonds rare  
Chase down her marble cheek,  
And when she laughs 't is silvery—  
Well polished, so to speak.

Alas, this rare and priceless gem  
In setting is antique;  
The Pater's ancient adamant—  
He'd make a sphinx look meek.

So when I thought to win this prize  
'T was thus it came to pass:  
Cut diamond I had hoped to be,—  
He left me *hammered brass!*

### HALF OF THE PLEASURE

The youngest girl of a Baltimore family was recently much distressed, at dessert, to discover that there was ice-cream for dinner.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the youngster reproachfully, "why didn't they tell me this morning that we were going to have ice-cream?"

"What difference would that have made?"

"Lots!" sighed the child. "I could have expected it all day!"

*Edwin Tarrisse*

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her "Furs" away  
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### THE COLLEGE OF THE FUTURE

The college chapel was thronged with admiring parents and friends who had come to witness the commencement exercises. Amid an expectant hush the venerable president arose and summoned the graduates to receive their hard-earned diplomas.

The sturdy football team were awarded the coveted sheepskins, while the wall echoed with the applause and cheers. The lithe track athletes in running attire received their well-merited degrees, and the Varsity crew, oars in hand, gracefully accepted their honors.

As the exercises were concluding and the orchestra about to play, a member of the faculty stepped reluctantly forward and touched the president's arm, whispering in his ear at the same time. In apparent annoyance the dignitary turned to the audience:

"Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, but I have made a slight omission. I understand that one student should receive the degree of bachelor of arts. Will he kindly step forward as quickly as possible?"

A shrinking young man stepped forward apologetically, a diploma was thrust in his hand, and he was haughtily waved aside, while the orchestra struck up a two-step. *Elsie Duncan Yale*

### SOMETIMES TRUE

On leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, the pastor of a church in Brooklyn saw a little boy, a friend of his, talking to a stranger.

"What was he saying to you, Dick?" asked the divine, as he came up to the youngster.

"He just wanted to know whether Doctor Blank was the preacher of this church."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him," responded the lad, with dignity, "that you were the present encumbrance." *Edwin Tarrisse*

### A JOB FOR T. R.

*By Robert T. Hardy*

I wish Teddy would shake his Big Stick  
And announce it his purpose to lick  
The very next cuss  
Who writes a verse thus.  
I'm sick of the old limerick!

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Philadelphia

## Walnuts and Wine

### EXPLAINED

*Mrs. Jones* (inspecting a milliner's window): "I don't see what it is that keeps those women's heads turning around all the time."

*Mr. Jones*: "Why, my dear, just a bonnet itself is sufficient to turn any woman's head."

*John E. Rosser*

### DAMAGED GOODS

Small Grace viewed the new baby with open scorn and indignation.

"Why, mamma, you surely won't keep it? You know you always exchange damaged goods, and this one has no teeth, no hair, and its skin does n't fit at *all*!"

*V. W. W.*

### GO TO WORK

*By Ellis O. Jones*

When despair's sharp edge is near,  
Go to work.

When your mind is racked with fear,  
Go to work.

When you're brooding o'er the past,  
When the sky is overcast,  
Troubles coming thick and fast,  
Go to work.

When you think you've reached the end,  
Go to work.

When you have n't e'en a friend,  
Go to work.

When you can't see light ahead,  
When your utmost hope has fled,  
Don't lie moping in your bed.  
Go to work.

Or, to speak in current phrase,  
Get a move.

If you have no place to graze,  
Get busy.

Take this pointer from me, pard,  
When you're feelin' awful jarred,  
Up against it good and hard,  
Hump yourself.



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## Walnuts and Wine

### THE PRESIDENT AND THE PLUMBER

When he throws off the cares of office and romps with his children, President Roosevelt becomes, for the time being, a prank-playing, big boy. Moreover, he can enjoy a joke turned against himself. Once, while visiting his sister, Mr. Roosevelt entered the room after every one else was at the luncheon table. He was laughing heartily.

"I have just played a mad prank on the plumber," he declared. Then he related how he had gone to the bath-room to wash his hands, when he heard what seemed to be stealthy footsteps coming down the hall. The boys had played a number of jokes on him, and he immediately surmised that they were about to spring a new one. He sopped a wash-rag in water, then, with the dripping cloth in his hand, he waited the attack. The steps came nearer and nearer, then stopped, and some one tried to open the door, which the President was holding shut. Suddenly he threw the door wide open, simultaneously swinging the wet cloth over his head and shouting gleefully, "I've got you now!" The wash-rag landed, not on the head of one of the boys, as he had anticipated, but square across the face of a startled plumber who had come to repair a defective pipe. It is hard to say who was more surprised, the President or the plumber. Mr. Roosevelt apologized profusely, explained the circumstances, and then descended to the dining-room, shaking with laughter.

*Saint Nihal Sing*

### WARNING

*By Katharine Perry*

Unless opprobrium you seek,  
Don't call your native town "unique."  
The word's derived, you know, of course,  
From *unus*, one, and *equus*, horse.

### SYMPATHY

*Bertie* (aged eight): "Did you know, mamma, that Mrs. Smith's little boy in the next street is sick with the scarlet fever?"

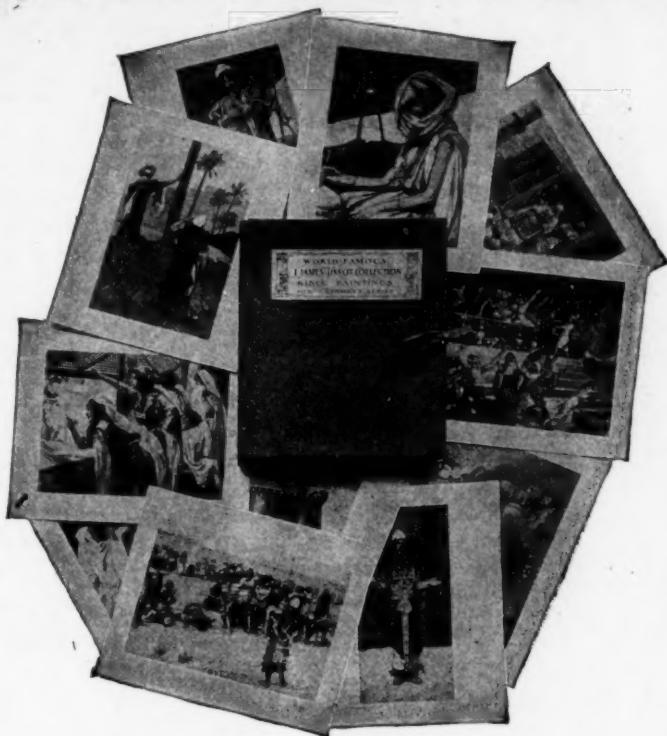
*Mother*: "No, I did n't. I hope, dear, you said you were sorry when you heard this. You know you must always be kind to the sick."

*Bertie*: "That's right, mamma. I've been visiting him all the afternoon."

*R. Rochester*

Walnuts and Wine

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## Walnuts and Wine

### NO PLACE LIKE HOME

A hen-pecked looking floor-walker in one of our large department stores was standing in the aisle with a pained and far-away look in his eyes. Suddenly a woman bustled up back of him and demanded, "Where are the children's dresses, sir?"

"In the bottom bureau-drawer, Maria," said the floor-walker, hastily turning around. And then he fled. *Karl von Kraft*

### IN LONDON

*Captain Jenks*: "That is the Duke of Dundee, one of our largest landed proprietors."

*American Girl*: "Who landed him?"

*Florence Wilson*

### WHISKERLESS ANGELS

At a conference at Royersford, Pennsylvania, a Mennonite preacher was asked by a layman why angels were always represented as beardless.

"My friend," the preacher replied, "the reason angels do not have whiskers is probably because every one of them had a close shave getting in." *Coot Ritter*

### ANOTHER PUZZLER

*Bobby*: "Mother!"

*Tired Mother*: "Yes, Bobby."

*Bobby*: "Suppose you had n't married father, but had married somebody else, and suppose father had married somebody else; then, would I be your little boy or would I be father's?" *E. C. R.*

### FOOLING THE TEAM

One of the passengers in the overcrowded bus of a Southern resort had his attention attracted by the odd behavior of its dusky driver. Every few minutes the latter would pull up his pair of bony mules, climb down from his seat and go to the rear of the bus, where he would open and shut the door with much show of force.

When the hotel was reached the passenger interrogated the dinky as to his queer actions.

"Well, you see, sah," responded the driver, "them air mules am powerful tired, and they has a big load to haul; but when I gets down and slams the bus door, they thinks some one done gettin' out, and that gives 'em courage to make a fresh start!"

*Arthur W. Beer*

